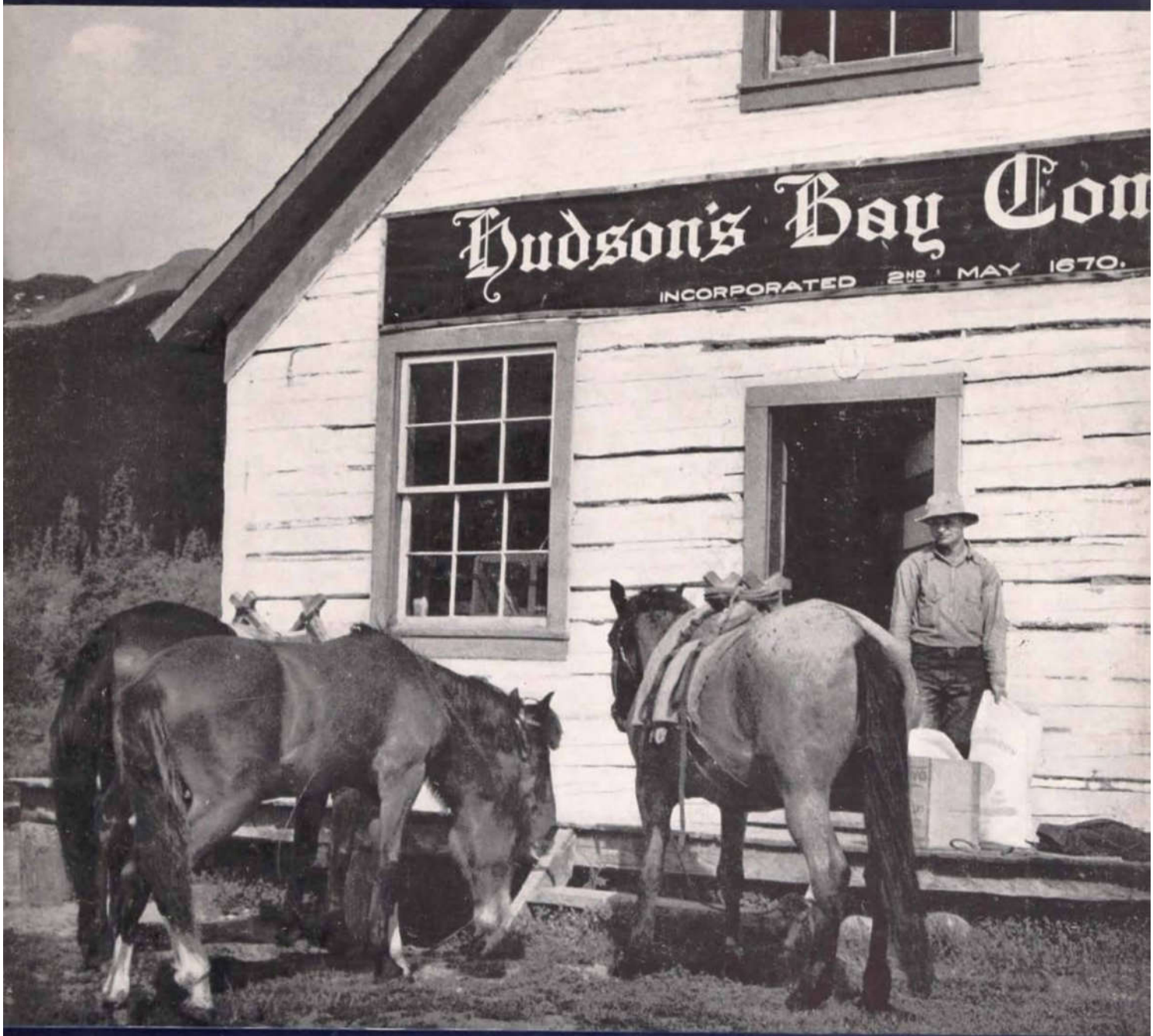
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



OUTFIT 272
MARCH 1942

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Co-operation between the British Empire and the United States in the Pacific, as seen by Sir George Simpson at Hawaii, March 1842.

in that common language the clearest light, and in those kindred races the best instructors. But of such co-operation the incidental effects would be infinitely more valuable than the mere deliverance of a few Polynesian Isles from the clutches of an unscrupulous oppressor. It would recognise the fact, that Great Britain and the United States are still linked together by every possible tie, excepting only the bond of a common government; while it would, at least on neutral ground, merge the political asperities of this single distinction in the consciousness that, on the map of the world which Providence is visibly sketching, the American Union and the British dominions are only incomplete parts of that English empire which, already the greatest on earth, is ultimately to embrace half the globe.

As I was myself a party to the negotiation, which resulted in England's recognition of the independence

From *Narrative of a Journey Round the World,* quoted in *The Times,* London Dec. 29, 1941, under the daily heading, "Old and True."

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 272

MARCH 1942

CONTENTS

Pack Horses at Old Post, McDames Creek, B.C.—*George Horner* 1

Consider the Eskimo—*Alfred Copland* 4

Arctic Bay 11

Telegraph Creek—*W. W. Bride and W. G. Crisp* 12

Tribal Laws of the Woodlands—*J. A. Burgesse* 18

Dried Fish—*Axel Nielsen and L. A. Learmonth* 22

New Life in an Old Land—*Frank Ryan* 26

Caribou Hunt—*B. M. May* 31

Photographing the Northland—*Ormal I. Sprungman* 34

Red River Cart—*Olive Knox* 39

Mudding Sleds—*Ven. D. B. Marsh* 44

Discovery of Gold in B.C.—*T. A. Rickard* 46

Spring Packet 50

Banff Winter Carnival 52

Notes from the North 54

Book Reviews 57

Eskimo Husky Ormal Sprungman

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

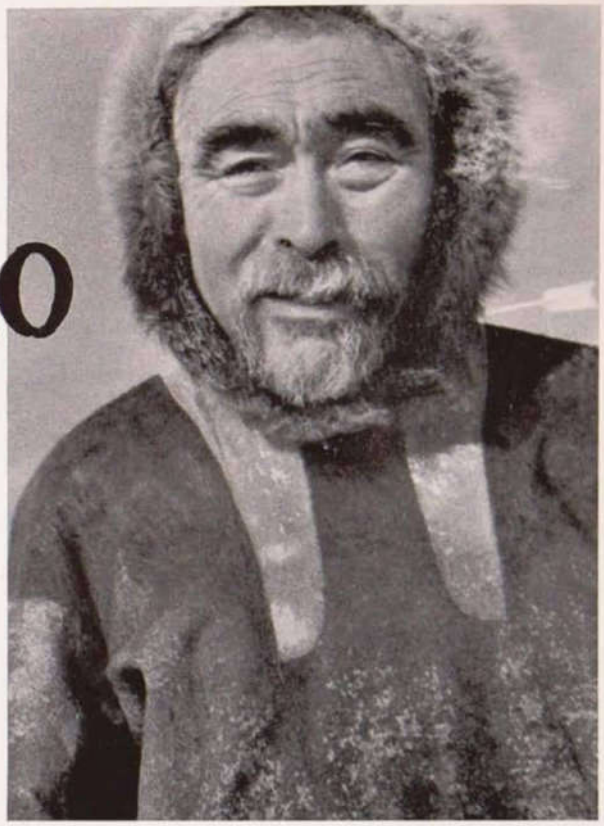
HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG, CANADA

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Consider the ESKIMO

by Alfred Copland

A Company fur trader writes of his friends in the Arctic, among whom he has lived for many years.



Kernik, an Eskimo of the Western Arctic. The two lines on his sealskin artiggi represent walrus tusks. W. Gibson.

CONSIDER the remarkable achievements of this truly wonderful race of people, who have selected the roof of the world for their domain, and survived in the face of terrible conditions. Physical discomfort has failed to stamp out their inveterate cheerfulness; the endless wandering along the shores of the Arctic waters, and throughout the great islands of the archipelago, has not satiated their love of travel, nor battle with the massive bowhead whale and predatory bear and wolf robbed them of the courage of the primitive hunter.

But the strange quiet of that brooding land has stamped itself indelibly on the mind of the race. In no other way can we explain their childlike credulity, fantastic folklore, and superstitious awe, than that this heritage of superstitious fear has been written deep into their mentality.

They have come a long way, this people. How do they live today? Do they marvel at the white man's works, the fine equipment he has placed within their reach?

Beneath the thin veneer that "the culture of the trading post" has cast over them stands the cheerful, capable Eskimo, who lives as his primitive forebears lived, who admires but never marvels at the white man's works, and in whose strong capable hands the harpoon, seal spear, and fish spear still provide for himself and his family.

The Eskimo enjoys community life with its simple pleasures—the endless round of visiting, the wildly picturesque drum-dances, and the communal *ooyook*, or feast of boiled meat. The drum dance is an interesting spectacle and the genius of the Eskimo for descriptive gesticulations is given full play. Swaying easily to the rhythmic music of the group of singers encircling him, the dancer beats the time on the framework of the single sided drum. The songs are carefully composed, extremely graphic when translated, and the singer captivates his audience with clever improvisations in footwork and sound effects to accompany the song.

Closely related to the communal gatherings wherein stories are related in song is the influence of the *Angnacook*—the Eskimo conjuror or medicine man. The hold he formerly exercised over his people is on the wane, but some of the old taboos are still existent. These taboos took the form of prescribed rules of conduct for certain individuals, and were strictly imposed with full tribal assent. They were designed to have some bearing on the elements and their relation to hunting conditions, or to the health of the individual and the tribe. To-day, little remains of these impositions save perhaps an amulet worn or a few pieces of skin or ermine tails hanging from a garment. The influence of the "Old Woman" was strong and the rules she laid down governed the conduct of the younger women in all matters relating to the life of the community.

These large social gatherings, however, are not always possible, and occasionally life returns to its earliest form, the family unit. In this state, the Eskimo is undoubtedly at his best. He is more provident, and devotes most of his time to hunting, while the solitude does not inflict any hardship on the mind of this still-primitive human being.

In the winter, the Eskimo is in his true element. Some modern writers contend that he has discarded the snowhouse as a winter dwelling. Although this statement is true of the Mackenzie Delta and certain Ungava Bay native groups, and equally true of groups living in proximity to the timber, or to driftwood-strewn beaches, the great majority of the Canadian Eskimos prefer to live in "igloos" for five to six months of the year. In the opinion of the writer, the master igloo builders are to be found on the west coast of Hudson Bay, north of Rankin Inlet, and particularly around Repulse Bay.

There are varying degrees of comfort in the snow dwelling of the Eskimo, and one must wear the loose-fitting, well ventilated skin clothing of the natives to appreciate it fully. When the ingenious, half-moon shaped, shallow soapstone lamp has been filled with pounded seal blubber, and the wick set alight, an even heat fills the dome-shaped interior. This even temperature is maintained, as the heat passes through the fine texture of the snow walls at its higher level. When a snowhouse has been in use for several hours, additional ventilation is necessary, for the glaze that forms on the inside effectively seals the porous snow wall. The customary precaution is to thrust a snow knife through the wall overhead, twisting it around to leave a round ventilating funnel. As a general rule, this is done shortly after the igloo is built; but, if overlooked, the warning signal of poorly burning lamps will follow.

There are one or two unpleasant details, encountered in the igloos of the coast people, which invariably offend the susceptibilities of a white visitor. Ranking high is the odour from the burning of half rancid oil, which is very pronounced on first entering the house. A close second is the presence on the restricted floor space of the meat pile, not necessarily fresh, while the most vexatious feature is the dripping of ice cold water from the melting walls.

Eskimo groups following the inland form of living however, are invariably more warmly clad than the coastal people, as they hunt on the path of the migrating caribou herds and have a plentiful supply of skins. Their snowhouses are consequently cooler than those of the coast people. A solitary light from a deer-fat "dip" gives but little heat, while what little cooking may be necessary is usually done in a smoke-blackened annex, with moss for fuel. The distinctive odour of any snowhouse whose inhabitants choose to live far from the sea is that of skin-clad primitives, mingled with the "green" smell of frozen fish, which they crunch with evident relish between strong teeth.

The season we call "spring" in the Arctic brings a complete change. Warm winds and snow-laden skies and the unexpectedly sudden bursts of sunshine wreak

A drum dance in an igloo at Perry River. Angus Gavin.

havoc on the snowhouses. The roof sags, water drips, and tents are hastily recovered from under the fast-melting snow. The urge to "go places" takes possession of the people, and in a few days larger communities appear. On long, sandy points, the tents are strung out, flaps tied back. Driftwood fires sizzle and smoke in front of every tent, wooden racks sag under the weight of dried strips of unpalatable looking seal meat, the age-old *nipkoo* that provides a welcome tid-bit in times of plenty and safeguards against famine when times are hard.

Here and there, a skin tent appears, oddly shaped, almost bell-like in appearance, but in shape strangely reminiscent of the countless tent rings of moss-grown stones that have lain, undisturbed for centuries, throughout the great islands, and by the shores of the inland lakes. They are awkward and dull-looking beside the smart canvas tents that are so convenient,

Village street on the ice of Queen Maud Gulf, west of King William Island. W. Gibson.

Cutting up caribou carcasses and drying the meat, Victoria Island. D. Jenness.

but the sharp night cold does not penetrate them, and mosquitoes avoid their dark interior.

At this season the fast rotting ice yields its usual harvest of meat, and the hunters never relax their seal-hunting efforts. Fat must be procured for the winter fuel, and although skins are poor at this season, they are cleverly used to store the oil. The brisk winds dry the meat to perfection.

The rivers burst in full flood to the sea, and soon fish nets hang heavy with the splendid Arctic char, transformed into a virile "clean" fish, during its brief visit to the salt water, after long months of slinking in inland waters. From oblong fish kettles, heads and tails stick out, and so plentiful are the fish, that communal feeds of fish heads are indulged in. Children pick the fish eyes and consume them with evident relish.

Summer with its pleasant days passes, and the well-conditioned bands of deer, undisturbed for months and well nourished on the thick Arctic mosses, are hunted by the younger men. Pack-dogs accompany the hunters, ambling along under their unaccustomed loads, with a peculiar gait. Deerskins are dried, while the hunting is still in progress, and the families subsist almost entirely on deer-meat, with often the digested mosses from the deer paunch added to the stew.

The early fall sees a return to coast life, and seal hunting in full swing. Skins are at their best, the meat excellent, and hunting easier as the animals are buoyant from the heavy envelope of fat, and easily retrieved when killed. Kyaks skim along under the powerful strokes of the hunters. With the double-bladed paddle as an outrigger for stability, the seals are skinned in the water, and the carcasses quartered and stowed fore and aft. Weary from paddling, the hunters return

Above: Spearing salmon on Baffin Island. J. Cormack.

Left: A narwhal with its long spiral tusk, and three white whales at Pangnirtung. S. J. Stewart.

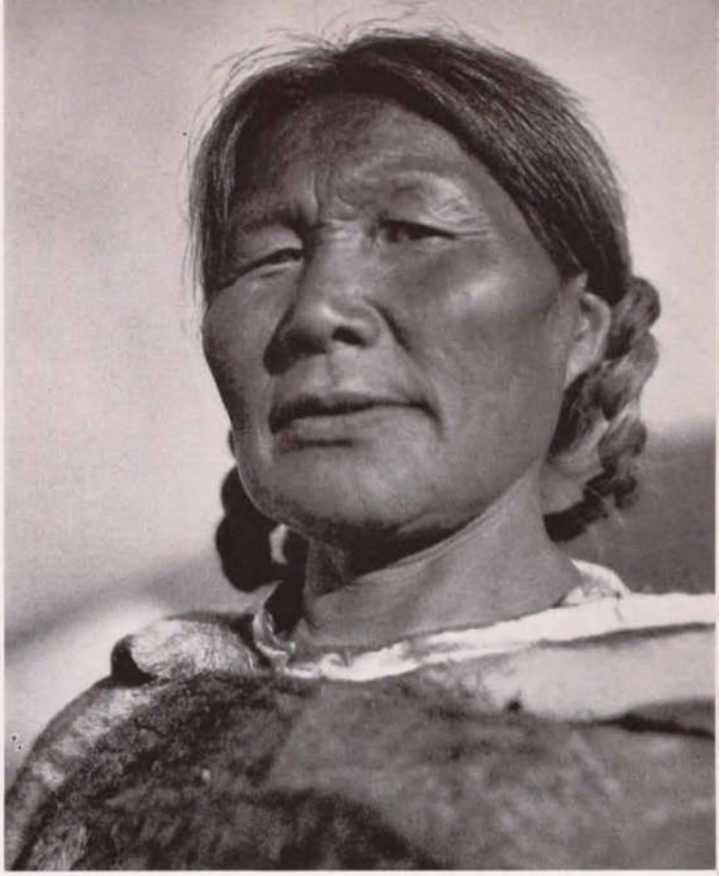
in the evening with heavily loaded kyaks, the slow rhythmic swing of the paddles driving the craft along.

Walrus hunting during the crisp fall days is an invigorating experience, with that element of danger that appeals to men who pride themselves on their daring and hunting prowess. Excitement runs high as the boat moves closer to the feeding herd. Harpoons are poised, lines carefully coiled, rifles in readiness, as the boats approach for the kill. Selecting his prey, each hunter throws his harpoon, to the point of which is attached, by a length of sealskin line, an *avalak* or sealskin buoy, which shows the whereabouts of the animal while it is under the water and secures it from sinking when killed. In a mad frenzy from wounds or terror, walrus will sometimes attack the boat, only to be met with a high-powered rifle aimed at the most vulnerable point, the back of the ear drum, at point blank range. Excitement is at fever pitch. Men stand on every quarter of the boat, beating off the maddened monsters or firing at those which have been harpooned, as they flatten out on the surface of the water from sheer exhaustion.

The boats then proceed inshore, the kill hanging by their tusks from the gunwales or being towed along securely lashed to either side of the boat. On the beach, the cutting up is done and it is truly a sight to behold. Working in blood to their wrists, the hunters skilfully dismember the animals with sharp knives. The hide, fat and meat, still adhering one to the other, are laid on the beach in slabs approximating two hundred pounds or less. Slots are then cut at intervals around the outside in the hide, and by means of strips of hide reeved through the slots, the slabs are drawn into convenient sized bundles for winter use. The meat is then placed in the traditional stone cache of the Eskimo until required.

Hunting the bowhead or Greenland whale is little indulged in today by the Canadian Eskimo, although on occasion they will make a kill. Whales are still plentiful, and the skill and equipment for hunting them is still there, should the whaling industry be revived. The protective "cork" or outer covering of the whale, whether it is bowhead, white whale or narwhal, is highly prized and regarded as a delicacy by the Eskimo. This *muktuk* is eaten raw or cooked and has the flavour characteristic of shell fish.

Bear hunting on the young fall ice is a keen sport, and when "Nanook" hauls out of the sea for his winter hibernation, well conditioned and fed, with his stomach filled with seal oil from the fat he has eaten, the natives are in their element. To kill a polar bear is still an achievement in the eyes of the Eskimo, although they have been killing them for centuries. During the winter months, few bears are encountered, but occasionally an old dog bear, unable to hunt sufficient food in open water through impaired faculties, and consequently debarred from hibernating by the pangs of hunger, will be encountered. Dogs trained from puppyhood, through unfortunate encounters with bears, to hate the sight of them are used to hold the bear at bay. This they do quite effectively,



Top: A fine type from Fort Ross. R. L. Sutton.

Lower: When moving camp in the summer, sled dogs become pack dogs. W. Gibson.

Left: Moving camp in the winter, with one sled in tow behind another.

Below: A "mug-up" from a thermos flask on the trail. W. Gibson.

and it is an impressive sight to witness the lumbering beast at bay, feet wide apart, crouching low, with the great head snarling and snapping at the dogs dancing around him.

The Eskimos are fond of bear meat, which is also used as dogfeed. The liver of the bear, however, is always carefully removed and great pains are taken to dispose of the liver in such a way that no animal will eat it. In cases where bear liver has been eaten, violent sickness follows.

When the fox-hunting season commences in November, the Eskimos eagerly set out for their lines. Around the meat caches, a few traps will always yield quick returns early in the season, but the general direction of the trap line is decided on the presence of "signs." In certain years, usually following high peak fur years, the foxes that have survived the intensified trapping move inland, and are consequently scarce on the coast. The native who is well equipped with dogs, and meat to feed, travels farther afield during the lean years, and is fairly successful.

During the course of this inland trapping, small "travelling" igloos are built sufficiently large to accommodate two men and the small amount of food they require. Frequently, the writer has encountered native trappers with two deerskins and two Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets on the front of the sled, and a piece of frozen meat on the tail end of the *komatik*, which, with their snowknives, was all the food and equipment they needed. Eskimos can sit up all night in a cold igloo, arms drawn out of the sleeves of their loose fitting garments, and really sleep. A white man, by contrast, has difficulty in sleeping in this manner, and will frequently wake up chilled.

Eskimos are extremely fond of travelling, particularly by sled; but on occasion, for one reason or another, they know very little of certain parts of the country quite near their own territory. It may be that they have not had any reason to travel into the strange territory, or that certain superstitions, or a natural inclination to avoid meeting neighbouring tribes has something to do with this. But invariably they will accompany a white man through the country, and prove efficient guides. If you ask your guide how he does this, he will explain that a long time ago one of his people had occasion to pass through this country. This is one of the reasons for their survival. Knowledge is passed on from one generation to another with a faithfulness for detail which is remarkable when one considers that the spoken word is the only means of communicating it.

As a guide the Eskimo has no equal, for he is capable of finding his way when visibility is restricted to a few feet, and even the dog team disappears on occasion in swirling snowdrifts. Under these conditions, he will build a snowhouse rapidly and never complain.

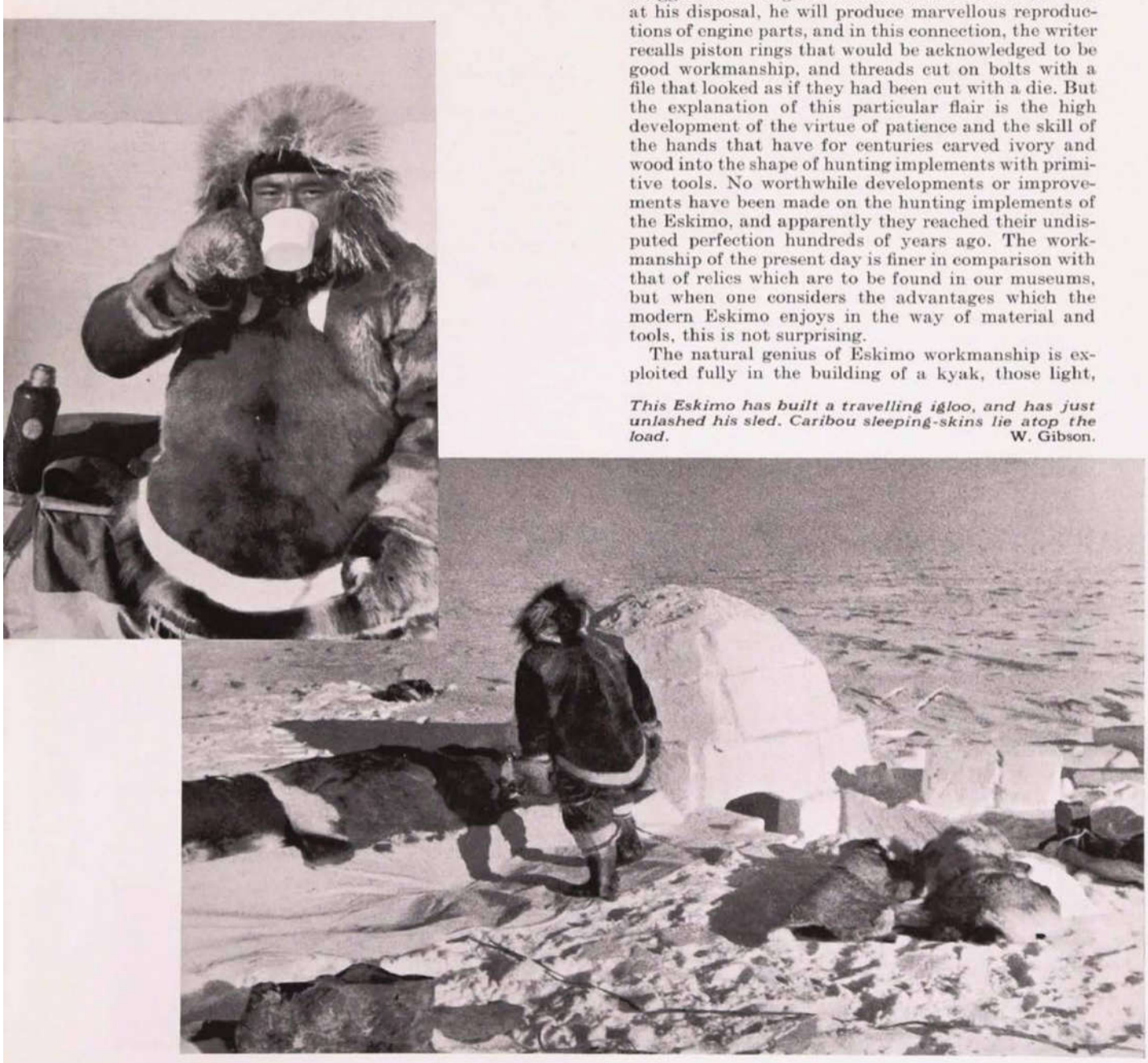
It is a little disconcerting to a white man when the Eskimo guide stops the dog team on a windswept plain or lake, where the swirling drift has reduced the visibility to nil, and announces that he is going to check up on certain landmarks. Those ten or fifteen minutes he is gone seem an eternity.

The importance of the sled-dog in the lives of the Eskimo cannot be over-estimated as they provide the slow mobility which fits so well into the natural economy of the Arctic with its seasonable hunts and frequent in-between periods. The monotony of sled travel is relieved to some extent by the antics and behaviour of the dogs. Each dog blames his nearest neighbour for his misfortunes, a fight starts, and the lash from the rawhide whip whistles into the melee. Dogs have their irritable days, their days of steady hard work and disciplined behaviour; but sometimes there is a pleasant day of frequent stops with occasionally the excitement of hunting in which they revel.

Weather conditions, too, have a bearing on the sled-dog's actions. The early fall snow sees them wildly enthusiastic to be hitched; the dark, cold winter days see them cringing before the frozen harness, as the driver approaches to put it on; and in spring they slink away to nurse their paws, cut by the sharp ice.

The mechanical genius of the Eskimo has been exaggerated to a great extent. With the limited tools at his disposal, he will produce marvellous reproductions of engine parts, and in this connection, the writer recalls piston rings that would be acknowledged to be good workmanship, and threads cut on bolts with a file that looked as if they had been cut with a die. But the explanation of this particular flair is the high development of the virtue of patience and the skill of the hands that have for centuries carved ivory and wood into the shape of hunting implements with primitive tools. No worthwhile developments or improvements have been made on the hunting implements of the Eskimo, and apparently they reached their undisputed perfection hundreds of years ago. The workmanship of the present day is finer in comparison with that of relics which are to be found in our museums, but when one considers the advantages which the modern Eskimo enjoys in the way of material and tools, this is not surprising.

The natural genius of Eskimo workmanship is exploited fully in the building of a kyak, those light,



This Eskimo has built a travelling igloo, and has just unlashed his sled. Caribou sleeping-skins lie atop the load. W. Gibson.

The face of this Eskimo boy exemplifies the cheerful courage of his race. W. Gibson.

buoyant seaworthy craft, which are truly capable of crossing the Atlantic. (This apparently incredible claim arises from an incident that happened over a century ago, when off the Scottish coast there drifted in a skin boat, its occupant, a dark-skinned native, in a dying condition. Some people claim the craft, which is in a museum, was a Greenland kyak.) The capable hands of the Eskimo measure the boat for beam and draft with outspread fingers, cross-pieces are fitted and securely lashed with rawhide to the main skeletal framework, which is covered with sealskins in a wet state. When dry, the skins have a drum-like tension, supply rigidity to the framework, and are waterproofed at the seams with seal blood.

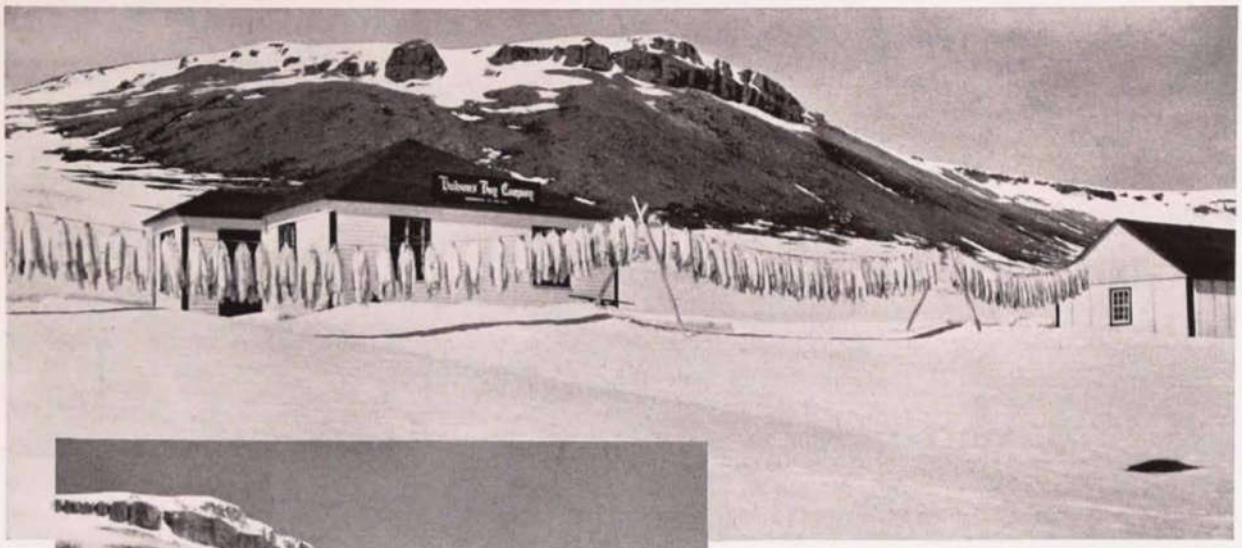
In common with most native races, the Eskimo has a good working knowledge of anatomy and the functions of bodily organs. He has a name for every bone in his body, and a tendency to diagnose sickness which is invariably ridiculous in the light of modern knowledge, but nevertheless amusing. He will consume rotten meat, and enjoy it, but occasionally this habit will have a tragic ending, particularly if he has partaken of the meat of a stranded whale carcass. The popular fallacy about his eating blubber dies hard, although the Eskimo will eat fat with meat which is too lean, probably to satisfy a spontaneous craving rather than consciously to supply a deficiency in his diet.

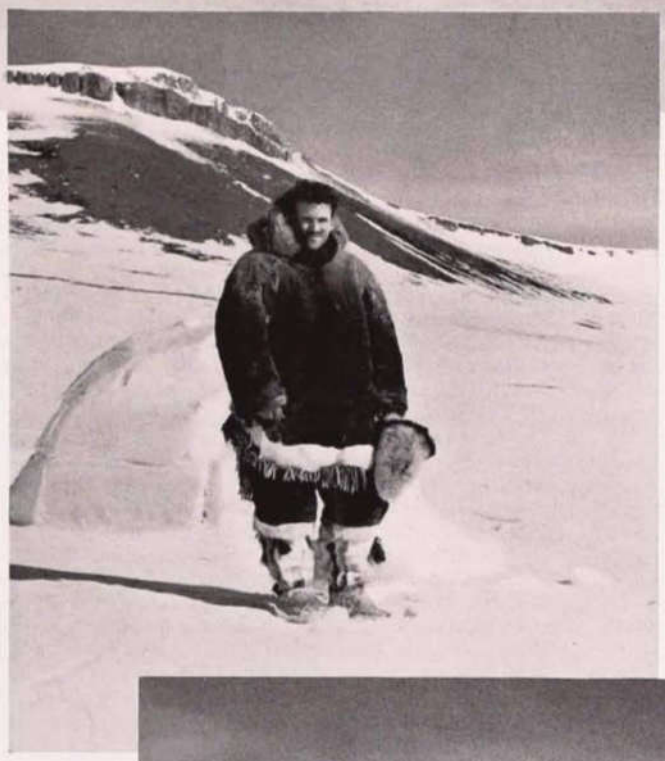
Canada is fortunate in her Eskimo people. They are not as yet fully conscious of their citizenship, but are, in the main, keenly interested in their country, and respect authority and the law. The marvels of the white man's country are beyond their comprehension, but they have been quick to realize the benefits that his more inventive mind has placed in their hands.

The epic story of this virile people may one day be written. It will reveal the extent of their restless wandering in the higher latitudes, and their southern penetrations almost to the St. Lawrence itself. The migrating wave has receded and the restlessness of the people is stilled to a great extent. Uncouth in appearance as he may appear, in our eyes, this rugged individual represents a nation united as no other has been. They have allowed white men speaking half a dozen different languages to penetrate their country as representatives of commerce and the church, but have steadfastly spoken their own tongue. Tribal feuds are practically unknown, save in a few isolated cases where unchecked primitive superstition has opened the floodgates and wholesale murder has resulted.

The Eskimos proudly call themselves *Innuit*—The People. It is a small word, but into it is packed a great deal of meaning. The author of *Kabloona* has translated it as "men pre-eminently." It signifies their consciousness of their ability to triumph over the elements, and to meet without flinching whatever adventures befall them in their daily life. For to survive and flourish in that country of bleak granite and spongy tundra, of snow and ice and howling storms and bitter cold, calls for the qualities of a Man in every sense of the word.

Building a kyak at Little Whale River, Hudson Bay, before the break-up. J. L. Cotter.



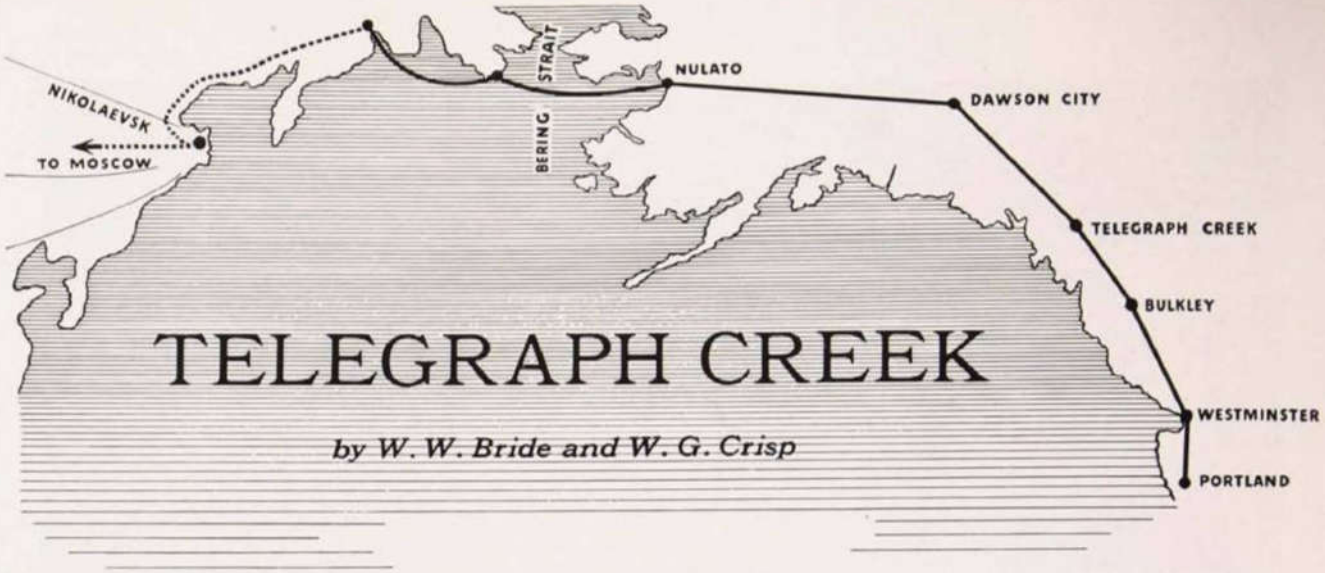


Arctic Bay

Most Northerly of all Hudson's Bay Posts

The young fur trader shown here, standing in Arctic winter dress beside an igloo, lives only 1200 miles from the North Pole. But he's not as isolated as you might suppose. Every day in his little white house, below, he gets in touch, not only with his friends at the "neighbouring" radio stations, but also with the meteorological station in Toronto, to whom he sends twice daily his weather reports. The Axis powers would be quite interested in those reports, because the weather at Arctic Bay may have quite an effect on flying conditions in Europe, a day or two later.

Norman Ross's main job, however, is trading for Arctic fox skins, shown above airing before the trading post in the spring sunshine. These are shipped down south on the *Nascopie*, and some of them may eventually grace a pair of lovely shoulders at the Metropolitan Opera.



TELEGRAPH CREEK

by W. W. Bride and W. G. Crisp

Route of the proposed Collins Overland Telegraph. Map from Western Union.

Gateway to the Goldfields, to the Cassiar big game country, and to the new U.S.–Alaska chain of airports, this picturesque village in Northern B.C. has a curious and entertaining history.

ONE June day in the sixties, the bustling port of New Westminster, B.C., was thrown into a fever of excitement. The *Milton F. Badger*, a tall clipper ship from New York, had just docked. The impossible had happened. The first tangible sign of what the case-hardened old prospectors of the era contemptuously referred to as a pipe dream was actually there in the roadstead.

The cargo of this new arrival consisted of some twelve hundred miles of copper wire and thousands of green glass insulators. Here was the first of the equipment that was to link two continents together. The Collins Overland Line was a fact.

This proposed telegraph line was to run through British Columbia to Alaska, then called Russian America, across the Bering Straits and through Siberia to connect with the Russian line to Moscow and thence to Paris, London and all Europe.

There was some necessity for speed in the construction of the line. The Atlantic cable was being laid for the third time. With dogged perseverance, Cyrus Field was following his chimera. This latest attempt to bridge the Atlantic followed the third break in 1865. Here it was June, 1866.

The land cable was not even started. True, the line connecting San Francisco with Seattle had been extended to New Westminster, but the thousands of miles through the hinterland of British Columbia was yet to be traversed by the construction crews. A few years before, the survey crew had gone through the country under the guidance of Col. Bulkley and had mapped the area and the route of the line.

It is significant that the surveyors of years ago followed just about the same route as the modern highway builders. Route "A" of the proposed Alaskan Highway follows along the trails traversed by the advance party of the Collins enterprise in the sixties.

Gangs of Chinamen and of Indians swarmed along the banks of the Fraser, clearing a right of way, erecting poles, stringing wire and making camp where night found them. The feverish activity pushed the work along at the rate of about six miles a day. Starting in June, by August the line had reached Yale, B.C. The first message over the line was typical of the times. It read: "Send a bottle of champagne to the telegraph office with the compliments of the 'Landvoigt.'" It was addressed to G. Grelley, the proprietor of the Colonial Hotel in New Westminster.

Peter M. Collins, the mastermind of the scheme, had planned well. An ex-"Forty-niner" and later banker, he had been United States commercial agent in Siberia, and it was there that he had conceived the idea of the telegraph. The Western Union Telegraph line had recently been completed across the United States, and Collins had sold its president, Hiram Sibley, the idea of extending the line up the coast and across to Russia. Sibley gave him a cheque for $100,000, the United States Congress added another $50,000, and plans were laid for a subsidy.

This was in 1864. It was not until 1866 that consent was obtained from both the British Government and the Legislative Council of British Columbia. In fact the *Badger* arrived at New Westminster before the ordinance had been passed by the council.

The finest technical men available were employed in the construction. The work was started simultaneously in the Yukon, in Siberia and in British Columbia. Major Robert Kennicott, the famous naturalist, was in charge of the Yukon section, Major Abassa in Siberia, and Major Pope in charge of the B.C. expedition. Col. C. F. Bulkley was engineer on the job. He was accompanied by Captain Conway, E. K. Laborne and the artist, Edward Whymper. For the whole line it is estimated that there were over five hundred skilled men employed and many times that number of packers and labourers.

The company despatched other vessels from New York besides the one to British Columbia. There were twenty-four ships employed carrying men and supplies for the line. The clippers *George Wright* and *Nightingale*, and two river craft built specially to work on the Skeena are mentioned in the company's annals.

Along the Cariboo road, just completed by the Royal Engineers, the going was fairly easy. Up as far as Barkerville, the heart of the gold fields, the gleaming wire was strung. North from there the line followed the present route of the highway to Prince George or to Hazelton. As the line moved north, the headquarters were transferred from the Fraser to the Skeena. Over one hundred and fifty pack animals were used in bringing in the reels of wire and the sacks of insulators as well as the food for the men. The boats carried these goods as far up the rivers as they could and then the pack trains toted the supplies to the nearest camp. It is reported that even this rapid transit system was not fast enough for the crews, and there were repeated calls for wire and supplies. In the forested areas of the district, a wide swath, sometimes as much as thirty feet, was cut. The poles were placed in the centre, the wire strung and the reels trundled on.

By the end of July, Fort Fraser was reached. From Quesnel, some four hundred miles of wire were strung north across the wilderness and over four hundred and fifty miles of trail cut. In August news reached the party that the Atlantic cable was completed and in working order. Ironically enough, the news that was to spell the doom of the line was one of the first messages delivered in Quesnel.

The crews kept on working. The officials counting on the Atlantic cable breaking, as it had done three times before. But the Atlantic cable held. That hard fact spelled the doom of the Collins Overland Line.

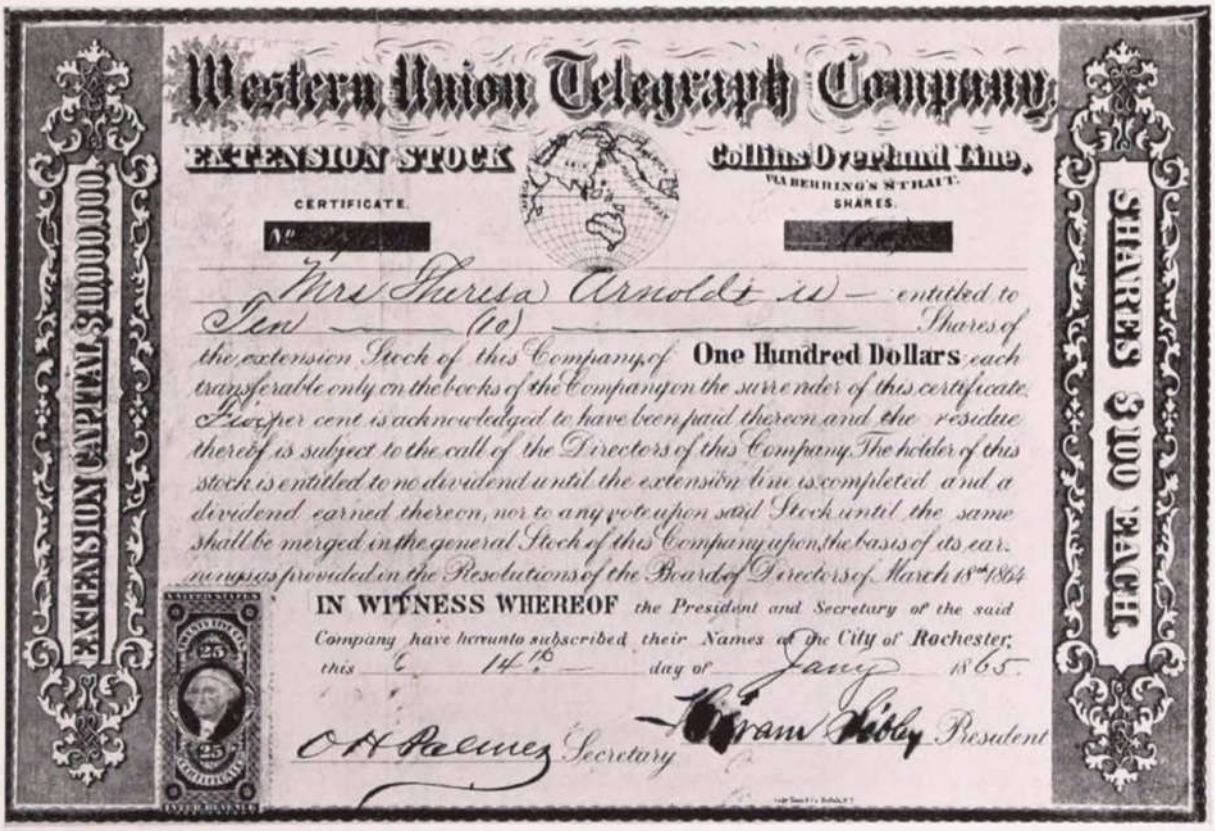
The American end of the project was abandoned. Western Union, though by no means bound to do so, redeemed the worthless stock and took a loss of three million dollars. But the Russians completed their part of the line, and in 1871 it was extended to Nagasaki, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. The British also built a branch from the Russian line to northern India.

Of Peter Collins, the originator, we know little more than that he died at the turn of the century in an obscure New York Hotel. Kennicott, whose knowledge of Alaska proved of such great value to his country when its purchase from Russia was being considered, died heroically while trying to save one of his men from drowning in the Yukon River.

Little was salvaged of the materials brought to Canada and Alaska. The wire was left, to become moss-covered and overgrown. It was startling for later travellers, such as Captain Butler, who journeyed through the country a scant ten years after, to come upon telegraph poles complete with line and glass insulators in territory that he had thought had never been traversed by white men.

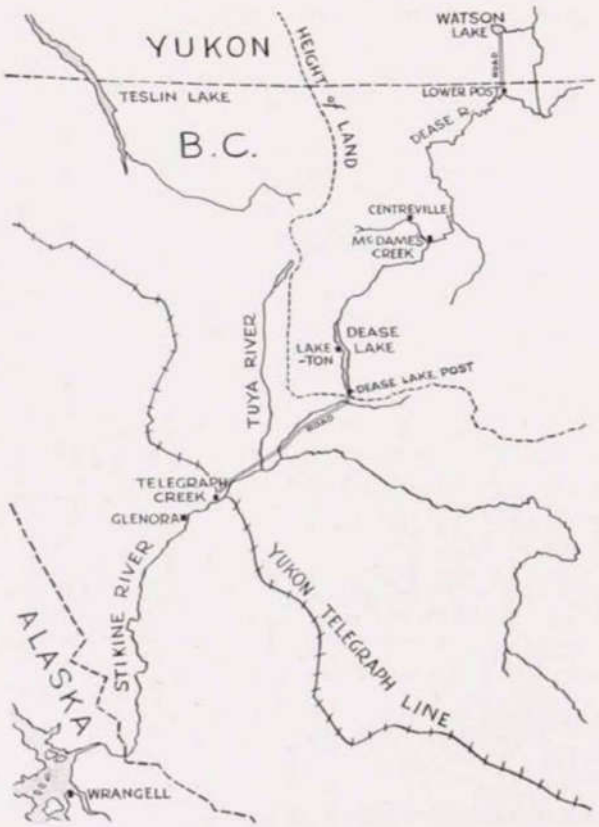
The line was not left entirely undisturbed. The Indians gradually overcame their superstitious dread of the white man's peculiar actions. Convinced that the whole thing was not a gigantic trap nor some of his magic to do them harm, the braves cut off small pieces of the wire to make charms and ornaments. Becoming bolder, they used pieces to repair their equipment. Long stretches of the wire disappeared. The glass insulators were a prized possession and gave the brave added prestige in camps of tribes who had not access to the treasure trove.

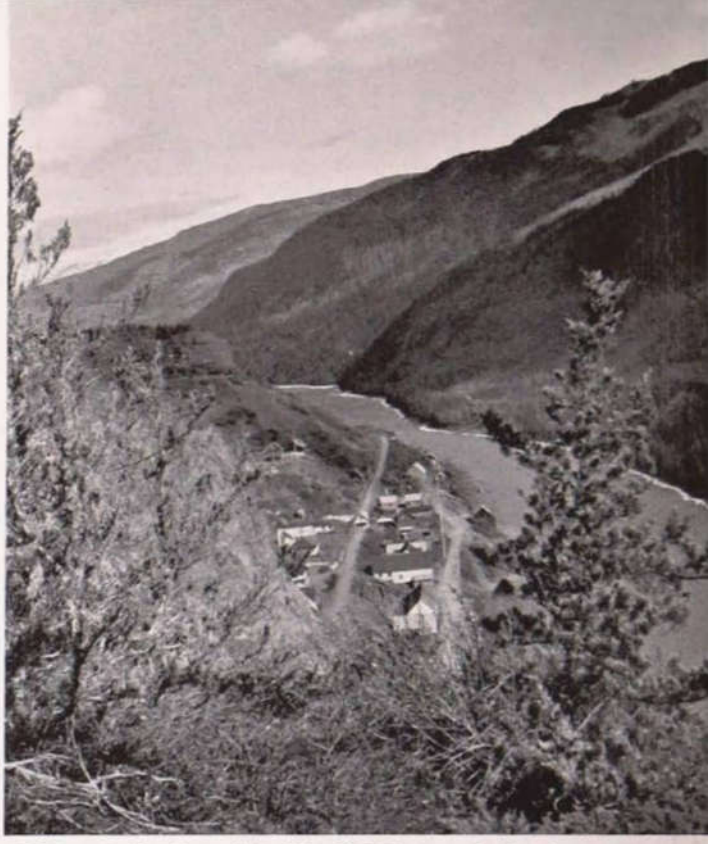
Certificate of stock in the Collins Overland Line. Western Union.


Western Union Telegraph Company
EXTENSION STOCK
CERTIFICATE.
Collins Overland Line,
VIA BEHRING'S STRAIT.
SHARES.
EXTENSION CAPITAL $10,000,000
SHARES $100 EACH
Mrs Theresa Arnold is entitled to
Ten (10) Shares of
the extension Stock of this Company of One Hundred Dollars each
transferable only on the books of the Company on the surrender of this certificate.
Five per cent is acknowledged to have been paid thereon and the residue
thereof is subject to the call of the Directors of this Company. The holder of this
stock is entitled to no dividend until the extension line is completed and a
dividend earned thereon, nor to any vote upon said Stock until the same
shall be merged in the general Stock of this Company upon the basis of its earnings as provided in the Resolutions of the Board of Directors of March 18th 1864
IN WITNESS WHEREOF the President and Secretary of the said
Company have hereunto subscribed their Names at the City of Rochester
this 14th day of January 1865.
O H Palmer Secretary
Hiram Sibley President

The bridge over the Hagwilget Canyon built by the Kispiox Indians of timber and telegraph wire. G. C. Mortimer.

Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking carried out with the purloined wire was the construction of the suspension bridge across the Hagwilget Canyon on the Bulkley River. The first bridge, made of wood, had been of simple design. It had been swept away by the raging torrent of high water that tears through the narrow defile. A second bridge met the fate of the first. A third was planned. The Kispiox Indians showed marvellous skill and ingenuity in the construction of this structure. It would be a "semi-rigid" suspension bridge in the language of the modern engineers. Some one hundred feet long and about six feet wide, it was high enough above the water level to be safe from the ravages of the spring floods. Throughout the entire length of the bridge there were not more than a handful of nails used. The timbers were either dovetailed





Telegraph Creek to-day. The H B C store is the long building to the left of the flagstaff. W. G. Crisp.

together or held by stout pegs hammered through holes burned in the logs. In addition, hundreds of feet of copper wire went into the construction. Not only was the wire used to bind girders together, but it also served for suspension cables.

When the bridge was completed, the braves viewed their work with pride. But would it hold their pack horses and their possessions? The story goes that, to test the bridge, some seventeen of the heaviest squaws were lined up and told to cross the bridge. The bridge stood the strain. The braves loaded their pack horses, declared the bridge officially opened and trotted across.

One of the caches of unused wire was located one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Stikine River, at the lower end of the "Grand Canyon," where a small creek tumbles into the rushing river. And for this reason, the little stream was known as Telegraph Creek. After the cessation of work on the Overland Line, little remained but this name for over a quarter of a century. Seventy-five miles to the northeast lay Dease Lake, where Chief Factor Robert Campbell had established a post in 1834. But this had been abandoned the next year. Then in the late sixties, when gold was discovered in the vicinity, it was found that the logical supply route was by boat up the Stikine, thence by pack horse across the height of land to Dease Lake, where boats could again be used to take supplies down the Dease River to the Liard.

The centres of mining activity in what was known as the Cassiar Gold Rush were at Laketon on Dease Lake, and at Centreville on McDames Creek. Both these mining towns had at the height of their brief existence a population of roughly 2,000. Freight for this interior country was unloaded on the banks of the Stikine at a point fifteen miles down-river from Telegraph Creek.

Then in 1898 came the greatest gold rush the North had ever known. Gold in the Klondyke, gold in quantities undreamed of in more accessible fields. All you had to do was to get there. A dozen different ways were suggested. One of them was to come by boat up the Stikine River, and after reaching the valleys east of the coast mountains, proceed north overland to Teslin Lake on the headwaters of the Yukon River. By the next year a dozen or more sternwheelers were plying the Stikine, and the flats twelve miles below Telegraph Creek where the freight was unloaded became the site of the town of Glenora with a population nearing the 2,000 mark. There the Company established a post.

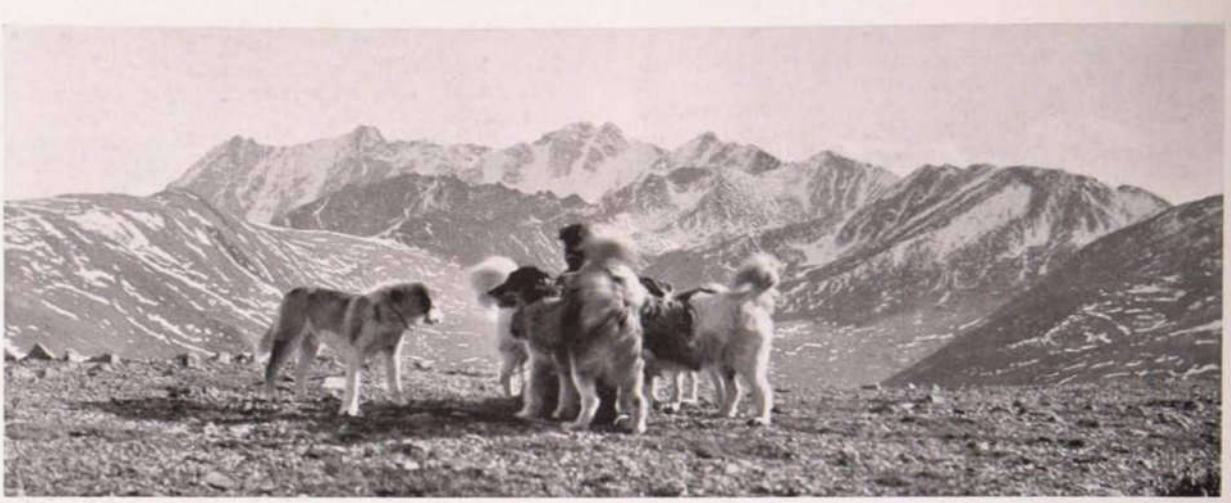
The firm of McKenzie and Mann was granted a charter to construct a railway from Glenora to Teslin Lake. Quantities of steel rails arrived, and a railway grade was constructed for the first twelve miles, crossing Telegraph Creek at a point three miles from its mouth. This point is still known as "The Junction," a name which is somewhat bewildering to the newcomer. The H B C replaced their log buildings with a spacious frame structure of lumber shipped from Vancouver. The twelve-foot ceiling in the store itself left room for a gallery which accommodated the boot and shoe and similar departments on either side, after the fashion of the mezzanine floor in modern city department stores.

It soon turned out, however, that a railway from Glenora was not the solution of the Yukon's transportation problems, and after completion of the White Pass railway from Skagway to Whitehorse, the Cassiar Central Railway—as the line from Glenora was called—came to an end. Finally, in 1916, the rails were shipped downstream again to fill shortages caused by the Great War.

Very soon after the close of the nineteenth century, it was found that properly powered sternwheelers could negotiate the twelve miles of swift water between Glenora and Telegraph Creek. Satisfactory transportation into the Yukon brought as a logical sequence a demand for communication, and a telegraph line was constructed from Ashcroft through Hazelton and Telegraph Creek to Dawson City, following for the greater part the route surveyed thirty-five years previously for the Collins Overland Line. Telegraph Creek was now not only at the head of navigation, but it was in direct telegraphic communication with "Outside." Glenora had no longer any prospect of becoming a railway terminal; in fact, it had become little more than a "way stop" on the river. In a few months practically the entire population moved up to Telegraph Creek.

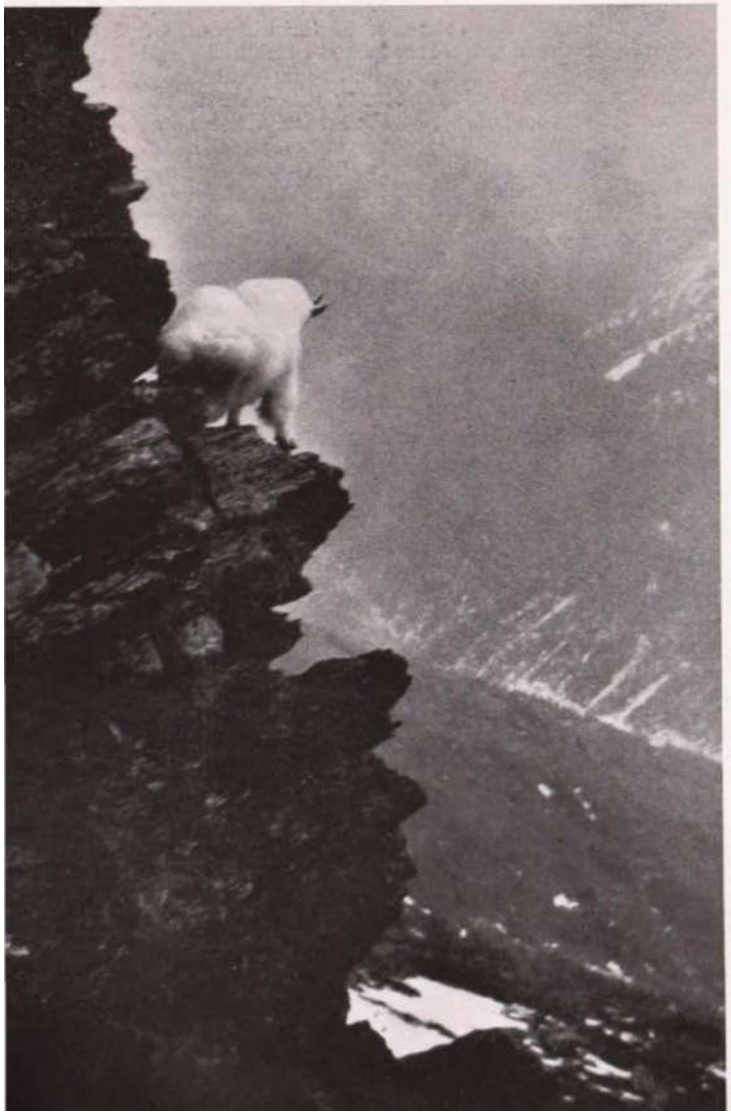
The fact that there was scarcely twenty square yards of level ground deterred no one. A town site was surveyed and roads soon criss-crossed the hillsides. On the survey blueprint, the lots looked quite level, and if you wanted more room to build you could keep digging back into the hillside until you came to the boundaries of your property. Fortunately, there was an unlimited supply of lava rock available which could be used to construct retaining walls to prevent your next door neighbour's property from sliding into yours. The H B C store at Glenora was carefully taken apart, hauled up by horse sleighs in the winter time, and re-erected at Telegraph Creek. Even extensive excavation into the hillside, however, could not make room for its original ninety foot length, and it had to be reduced

Above: The Hazel B. No. 2, *diesel-powered ship which plies between Wrangell, Alaska, and Telegraph Creek. Below: Looking down 800 feet to the canyon of the Stikine River. View from a turn on the road to Dease Lake, twelve miles above Telegraph Creek.* George Horner.



Above: Pack dogs are used by the big game hunters in this fine sheep and goat country about seventy miles south of Dease Lake, as there is not much feed for horses in the high altitudes. King Mountain rises in the distance. W. G. Crisp.

Below: To get this picture, the photographer had to be something of a mountain goat himself. Canadian National Rys.

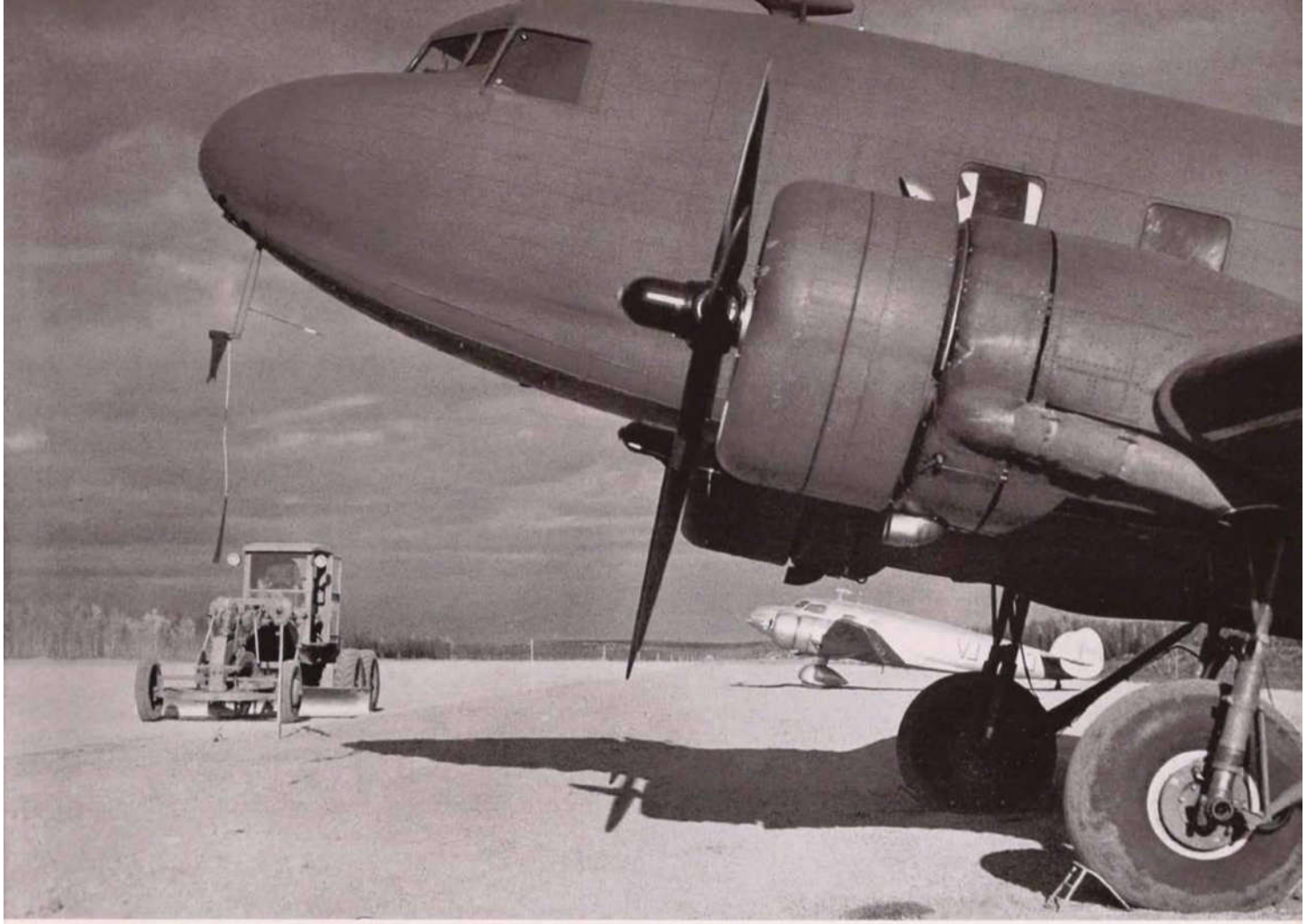


to sixty feet. None of the precious lumber, however, was wasted, as it was utilized in the construction of a two-storey dwelling house.

Gradually the gold excitement quietened down. Although considerable quantities of furs were being shipped out each spring, the boom days were over, and the Stikine River freight was carried by the HBC sternwheeler *Mount Royal*, which would come up the coast from the mouth of the Skeena River and make two trips each summer from Wrangell to Telegraph Creek. For the rest of the season, a sort of "express" service was carried on by large dugout canoes manned by Tlingit Indians from Wrangell.

During the decade before the first Great War, wealthy sportsmen throughout the world were attracted by the big game hunting offered by the Cassiar country. The Cassiar was not to be penetrated except by those with money and time at their disposal, but this very fact was an advantage in that it prevented the hunting grounds from being depleted by extensive hunting. The hundreds of square miles of lightly timbered plateau country that lay in a semicircle north, east and south of Telegraph Creek were easily travelled with horses and contained practically all species of North American big game. Moose, caribou, bear and mountain goat could be found in more accessible districts farther south, it is true; but nowhere else could the hunter find certain species of mountain sheep, Dall and Stone, which became known to sportsmen everywhere for the length and gracefully coiled spirals of their horns.

Last fall, L. Iversen of Pittsburgh (see p. 55) went out after Stone sheep in the Cassiar. He was outfitted at Telegraph Creek, and these are the skulls and horns of some of his trophies—one moose, two caribou, two goats, and six fine sheep. When mounted they will look really imposing.



U.S. Army transport plane, on its way to Alaska, stops briefly at the new Watson Lake airport. Public Information.

The records of this period show that the name given a tiny stream by the advance party of the Collins Overland Line must have found a place in the memories of people in widely separated parts of the world. Two lines in the journal of the post record that Viscount Lascelles, who later married Princess Mary, played tennis on the H B C court while waiting for his hunting outfit to be assembled. Brief notes mention that certain Indians have been engaged as guides for a German baron, and that horses have been rounded up in preparation for a hunt arranged for Prince Said of Egypt.

A few years after the 1918 armistice, gasoline propelled boats began to ply the Stikine. The pack trail between Telegraph Creek and Dease Lake was widened into a road over which caterpillar tractors hauled freight for mining concerns and for the H B posts at Dease Lake, McDames Creek and Lower Liard. By 1932, this road was sufficiently improved to allow the use of motor trucks and the more expensive tractors were abandoned. A twin-screw boat powered with modern diesels, carrying thirty tons of freight and fitted with twelve comfortable staterooms for passengers maintained a weekly service on the Stikine. On the Dease River, gasoline propelled "tunnel" boats (that is, boats fitted with a propeller that is retractable into a tunnel) replaced the scows so laboriously hauled up stream by poles and track line.

When in 1940 it was decided to build a chain of great airports connecting the United States with Alaska, this route from Telegraph Creek to the interior once more sprang into prominence. One of the air-fields was to be built at Watson Lake, just inside the Yukon boundary. But there was no easy way to get materials so far inland except by way of the Stikine.

Trucks could make the seventy-five mile trip from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake, but they took nine hours to do it. The road was improved so that the portage could be made in less than half the time. At Dease Lake the engineers built first a shipyard, then a stern-wheeler, three tunnel boats and a dozen barges. And finally they built a road from Lower Liard post twenty-two miles through the bush to Watson Lake. After that, all they had to do was to transport the materials for building the airport from Vancouver via Wrangell, Telegraph Creek, Dease Lake, Dease River, and Lower Post—and then hack the landing field out of the wilderness. . . .

Telegraph Creek to-day has thus recaptured some of its former importance as the head of navigation on the Stikine. The telegraph itself no longer functions, the line from Hazelton having been washed out some years ago. But on the site of the old telegraph office, the provincial government has erected a wireless station, and through this the little settlement keeps in constant touch with the outside world.

"The Trap Robbers." From the painting by Arthur Heming.

TRIBAL LAWS of the WOODLANDS

by J. A. Burgesse

THE family bands which roam the great forests of Northern Quebec are, perhaps, the most peaceful of all Canadian Indians. Inter-tribal wars are unknown to them and it is significant that practically the only historical traditions amongst them are memories of a minor, and quite inconsequential, battle with the Iroquois in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is not even known just where this battle took place and each band indicates a different location. However, so horrified were these Indians at the bloodshed, and the ferocity of the enemy, that to this day children throughout their country are hushed with a threat that the *Nata'oua'i* will be sent for.

Domestic squabbles, though frequent enough, rarely get beyond tongue-lashings, and even when fisticuffs are indulged in they are brought to a speedy conclusion should a bloody nose result.

This peacefulness is not enforced by any visible authority, for the social organization is so loose as to be practically non-existent. Chieftainship is little more than a name, and the elected chief and his council have no positive power to enforce the observation of a legal code, did any such code exist. Their position is advisory, and sometimes admonitory.

Of much more worth is public opinion which, though passive in application, is both positive as well as negative in effect, and is the only effective authority in the bush.

The hunting Indian, by reason of his semi-nomadic culture, is greatly dependent on his neighbour, and cannot possibly be sufficient unto himself. His hunting grounds are bounded on every side by other hunting territories, which he must cross whenever he wanders from his own immediate locality. Often, by reason of ill-luck in hunting or insufficiency of supplies, he has to depend on the largesse of his fellows for very existence. In sickness, his only doctor is found within his own family band or in that of his neighbour. He cannot exist except in close harmony with his fellow tribesmen, nor can he cut himself off from the tribe. Public relations control his economy, and hence public opinion is the foundation of the common law of the woods.

This law of the hinterland recognizes that each member of the tribe or family band has an inalienable right to earn a living for himself and his family; that he can claim a share in the common heritage. However, these rights carry with them a parallel responsibility which enjoins the successful hunters to share their

fortune with their less fortunate brethren. Nevertheless, personal property is sacred, and no hunter may appropriate to his own use what belongs to another. Borrowing is permitted, and leave need not be asked of the owner should he not happen to be in the immediate vicinity of his property. The borrower must make very certain, however, that his borrowing will not inconvenience the owner of the goods to the point of endangering his life or that of his family. The article or articles must be replaced or made good as promptly as possible.

A hunter may safely leave a cache of provisions in the bush; he may quit his tent for weeks on end, leaving all his equipment behind him, in perfect confidence that all will be as he left it when he returns; or he will keep a canoe permanently on the shore of some little lake in the wilderness and not even dream that it will be stolen. He marks his trap-line and has no fear that another will poach along it.

This inviolability of private property does not mean, however, that another tribesman, passing through the country, may not hunt for food, use the tent and canoe, or take provisions from the cache if he should require them. Public opinion would condemn the owner were he to object to this, for it is understood to be part of the hospitality of the bush. But the traveller must leave everything as he finds it. He may not hunt the territory for personal profit, but only for food en route, and he must not molest the furbearers. Should he damage the tent or canoe, he must make the necessary repairs. Full restitution must also be made, as soon as practically possible, for any food taken from a cache.

The bush has its own telegraph, and no hunter can expect to pass through the hunting grounds of a neighbour and escape detection. Each Indian knows his neighbour very well. He is familiar with his habits and customs. The mere shape of a snowshoe track, the manner of setting a trap, etc., are sufficient to identify the stranger, and the violator of the woods code cannot remain undiscovered for any length of time.

By general custom, a hunter who quits his camp must leave some indication behind to inform anyone seeking him where he may be found. In most cases he leaves the family at the main camp. But trap-line camps are not continuously occupied, and when he

An Indian log tent. Canvas and spruce boughs cover the pyramidal framework of poles. *S. R. Crone*

leaves one of these, the hunter usually breaks down the head of a small balsam or spruce sapling so that the broken part points in the direction he intends to go. Fresh signs are made at every fork in the route, and the trail can be followed with ease. Neglect to observe this custom is not regarded as a serious breach of the code, but it is considered impolite.

Widows, orphans and the aged are well taken care of. No hunter may kill a moose, caribou or bear and refuse to share it with those of the band who have no one to do their hunting for them. A breach of this law would incur the wrath of the tribe and might result in the starving to death of the culprit in sickness or old age—for he would be repaid in his own coin. However, it is not considered necessary to share meat with other hunters. The usual custom is for several hunters to team up to hunt moose, the results of their good fortune being shared amongst their respective families and the poor of the band.

One of the most interesting laws requires a traveller to carry the bush mail, either to its destination, or as far along the route as the traveller may be going. When a hunter wishes to send a letter, he writes it on a piece of birch bark or paper and mails it by slipping it into a cleft stick, which he thrusts into the ground, alongside a fairly well frequented trail.

The passer-by must open and read the message. If he happens to be going in the direction of the place to which the letter is addressed, he carries it along with him. When he turns off the path, either he leaves the missive in a cleft stick similar to the one in which he found it, or he hands it to some other traveller

Indians of Rupert's House, James Bay, about 1876. *Chief Factor J. L. Cotter.*

who may be going further in the required direction. Ultimately, and often in a surprisingly short time, the message reaches the addressee. Orders are often sent down to the trading posts in this manner, by hunters who cannot afford to lose valuable trapping time by making the trips themselves.

Strangely enough, this code of the woodlands seems not to require an Indian to meet his obligations towards the white merchants who furnish him with his grub stake. It is very certain that no stigma whatever is attached to a hunter who leaves an unpaid debt. The tribal law does recognize that it is an excellent thing to pay one's debts; the Indian who owes no man is regarded as a mighty hunter and his word carries great weight; but almost any trivial excuse is accepted as sufficient to warrant non-payment. Bad luck, sickness, refusal of the trader to advance more than a certain amount, and even a frolic in which part of the hunt has been squandered—all these are legitimate reasons for leaving an account unpaid. And it is considered that a debt which has remained unpaid for a full season need not be paid at all.

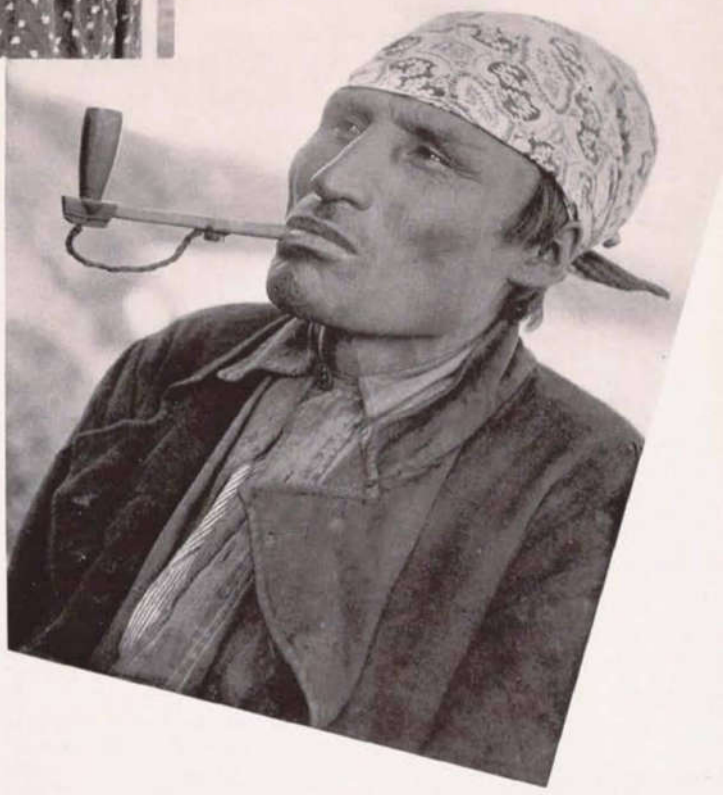
There are indications, however, that this state of affairs is comparatively new, and may result from the advent of keen competition in the Indian business. One does occasionally meet with a hunter who pays off an ancient debt and, in speaking of famous hunters of the past, the modern Indian mentions them as having always paid their debts, this being considered as something of a virtue.

By far the most definite law of the bush is that which requires every man to answer a sign of distress. This is hardly ever disregarded, and the sanctions applied for neglect to answer it are merciless. The writer has knowledge of one case only in which a sign of distress was ignored. The culprit was a half-breed—a cowardly, despicable fellow—whose only excuse was that his own provisions were running low and that he was in a

"The mere shape of a snowshoe track is sufficient to identify the stranger." *C. N. Stephen.*

Left: Montagnais women enjoy the cigarettes at Natashquan post. *W. C. Newbury.*

Below: Nascopie Indian with characteristic stone pipe. *A. A. Chesterfield.*



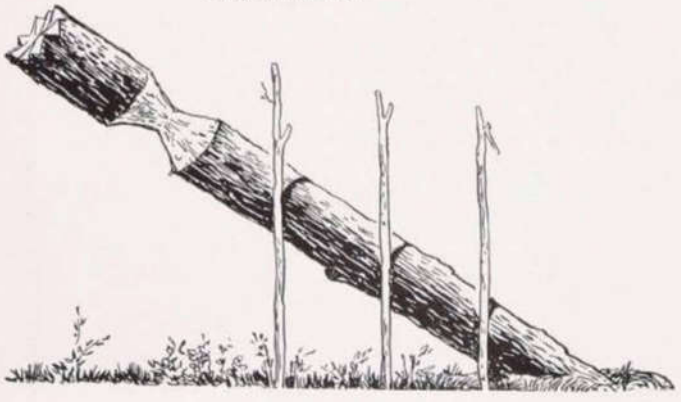
hurry to get down to the post. The hunter who made the sign was found dead when a search party finally reached him.

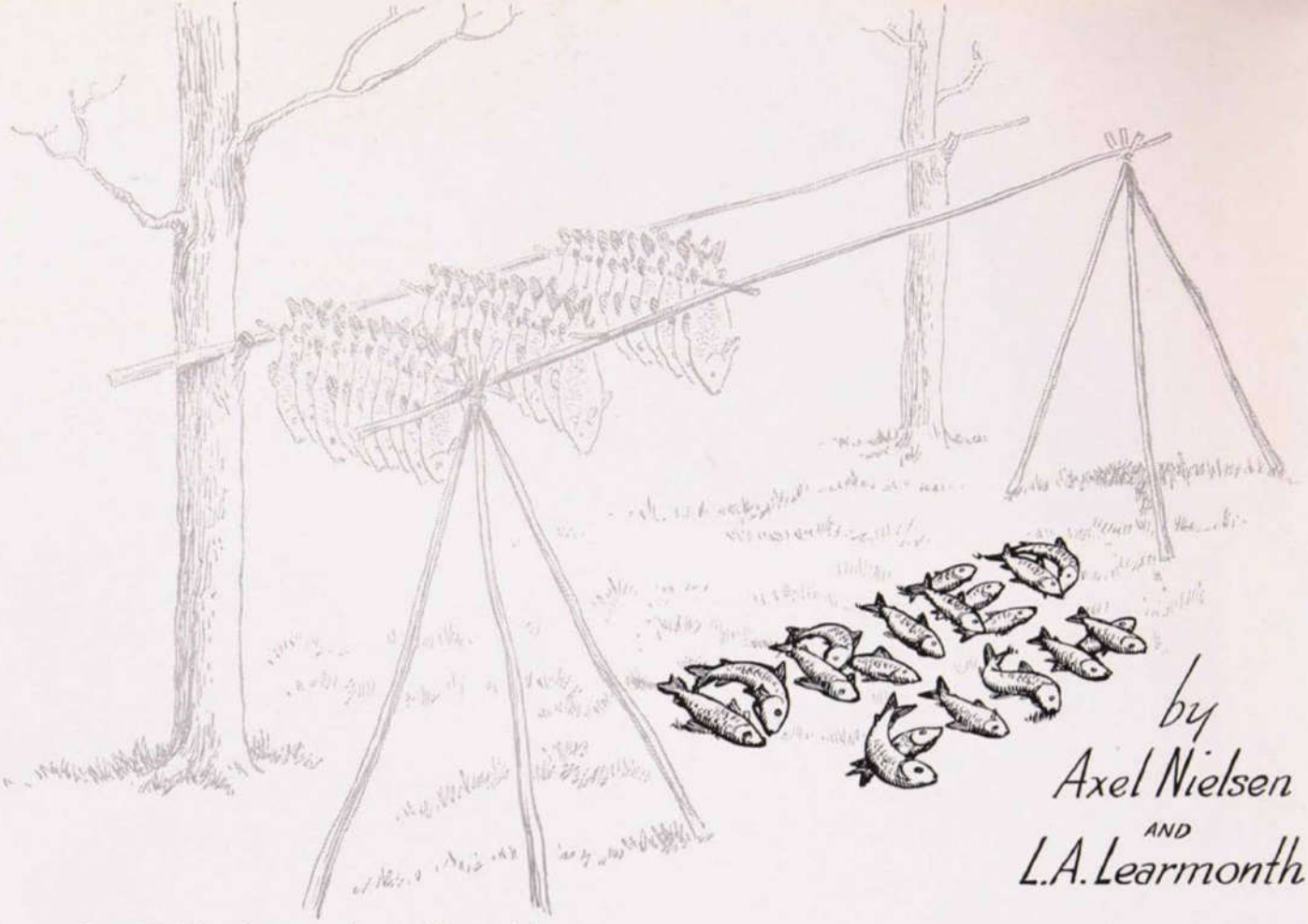
The signal of distress is made only when absolutely necessary, and therefore it is urgent that it be answered without delay. Among the Montagnais it takes the form of a sturdy post, notched at the tip and thrust into the ground in such a manner that the notched end will point in the general direction of the tent of the family which requires assistance. Upright sticks are usually placed along the pointer to indicate the distance of the tent from the sign. Generally, each upright indicates a day's journey. This sign is made on the most frequented trail in the country and similar signs are made along the trails which lead from it to the tent of the distressed hunter.

In general, all these laws of the bush are pretty well observed, and it is rarely necessary to bring the full force of public opinion to bear on an Indian for disregarding them entirely. The fact is, no hunter can afford to neglect them. He knows that sanctions can be applied and this knowledge is sufficient to keep him in line.

In the case of an habitual breaker of the laws, public opinion goes to work in a subtle fashion. There is no sudden application of penalties. A trap robber, or other offender, may commit his crime once, twice and even oftener without incurring anything more drastic than the unspoken disapproval of his fellowmen. However, should he persist in his evil ways, he will gradually become aware that he has lost the confidence of the entire tribe, band or clan. No more caches will be found near his haunts; his neighbour's canoe will disappear from its accustomed spot; signs will no longer be made along the wayside for his information; visitors will cease to visit his tent to pass the time of day or leave a piece of meat. This will mean but one thing—that he has been ejected from the band. He faces starvation, for he knows that he dare remain in the bush no longer. His neighbours will not feed him should he be hungry, nor will they care for him should he fall sick. The northern, and hence the most profitable, hunting territories can no longer be the scene of his activities, for he dare not venture far from the post. Nothing remains for him but to try and eke out a meagre living by hunting in the neighbourhood of the settlements where fur and game are scarce and all that he has to fall back on when even these fail him is white man's charity.

This sign means that someone camping three days' journey away needs help.





How whitefish are hung up to dry, ten fish to a stick.

by Axel Nielsen AND L.A. Learmonth

EVERY day is Friday for the sled dogs of the North. Fish forms their chief—and sometimes only—article of diet. For this reason, the catching and drying of fish is one of the "major industries" in the land of dog teams.

Whitefish are preferred; but for a ten-day trip with six dogs, about one hundred and twenty of them are needed. If the fish were left "as is," the dogs could pull no more than their own feed through the powdery snows of midwinter. So they are cleaned and hung up by the tail to dry them and make them light.

Round whitefish average more than four pounds in weight. A "round" fish is a natural—a fish with everything intact, including the entrails—and it is about ninety per cent water. Much of the entrails are inedible, and some parts are even injurious to a hungry dog, who might gulp anything down. A "hung" fish, on the other hand, is mostly meat, a fish that has been partially dried and cured in the sun and weather. It weighs about a third as much as a round fish, is more appetizing, and gives "guts" to a sleigh dog.

The hung fish is almost always a whitefish, which is a top-notch fresh water fish. The whitefish is nearly uniform in size, according to the locality where he is taken. A given body of water will produce whitefish any size up to six pounds, while some lakes, like the Whitefish in Alberta, will produce a fish weighing sixteen. According to the nets used and according to locality, the fisherman will get an average catch which varies little in size. This is handy when feeding dogs; it is much easier throwing the dogs two fish each, or even three where the average size is small, than to cut the fish up. Jackfish and lake trout and muskies run any size up to twenty, forty, even sixty pounds in weight, which makes an awkward size.

Size really counts on a dog trip, since space is so limited on a toboggan. Whitefish tend to a flat oval shape, making for a minimum of waste space. Jacks and trout are round and long enough to freeze into awkward shapes. They make a bulky load for the food value they contain. Whitefish produce more meat in relation to waste products than do the other fishes. The entrails are smaller, and the head is almost negligible. Whites, as they're popularly called, also lend themselves to hanging. And they're just the right size and shape for thawing out before a winter fire.

Hung fish must be taken in the fall. The work of a trader or trapper, like the work of a farmer, is never done. It is natural then that work is done in season when conditions are favourable. Fishing for whites in the winter time means cutting holes in the ice, moving nets continually, just when there are plenty of other things to do. Commercial fishermen fish through the ice; it's their business. The price they receive for their catch is sufficient to cover wages, expenses, and equipment—or so they hope. A trader or trapper figures his

fish as an expense item, a troublesome cost, and one that must be held down to the minimum. Dog feed should not cost more than half a cent a pound, with a few days' work thrown in besides.

We used to start fall fishing at Medicine Rapids the middle of September, ending up on Mirond Lake the end of October, with Grand Rapids taking the middle position of October 5. The run, as it is called, lasts from three nights to a week in any given locality, the heaviest run usually coming during the peak night. The trick is to work unbelievably fast when the peak hits you, to forget sleep, eats, everything but taking advantage of the run.

Whites gather where water moves over a rocky bottom, shallow water preferred. Rapids are ideal places. Like trout, whites will also gather near rocky islands. or a peninsula washed by the waves from the open lake. We used to set gill nets in the rapids, nets with a five-inch mesh. Most people have the idea that a five-inch mesh means five inches square; but a mesh is measured diagonally across the square, with the square pulled into a straight line; so a five-inch mesh would be two and a half inches square.

It takes long experience if one would fish in the rapids without losing gill nets, capsizing, or pulling the web to pieces taking the fish out of the nets. That's another point in the white's favour: he's a gentleman in a gill net, very obliging about nosing his way in. He could back out just as easy, but the fish has a single track mind, and he just keeps pushing forward instead of backing out. Removing him from the net is simple. He doesn't bite, and he doesn't jab. Now jacks, pickerel and trout are ungentlemanly fellows in a gill net: they wind themselves up, snarl the web, bite with their teeth, stick with their fins, bloat their bellies so you can't pull them through belly first, and they stick out their jaws so you can't get the mesh over them that way. But the white is a gentleman: he is the lamb of fishes.

The fish are gutted during the day. Fishing is always best during the night, though frequent trips are made to the nets during the daytime as well, because hungry jacks come foraging during the day. Jacks snarl up the nets, often cut their way out, leaving yawning holes in the mesh.

Gutting fish is not a dirty job to the man who knows his business, and whites are always the cleanest of fish, quite as obliging in the matter of gutting as in all things. One slit with the sticking knife, a twist of the wrist with a fish knife, and the white is cleaned.

Now for sticking: Willow sticks are cut about four-foot long and pointed at one end. The sticks run about three quarters of an inch in diameter. The white is slit through near the tail, just above the vertebral column, hugging it close and in line with the second dorsal fin. The job has to be done exactly right, or the weight of the fish will pull it through, and the fish will drop to the ground.

Scooping fish out of Smoky Hill Rapids on Rupert River. *C. H. M. Gordon*

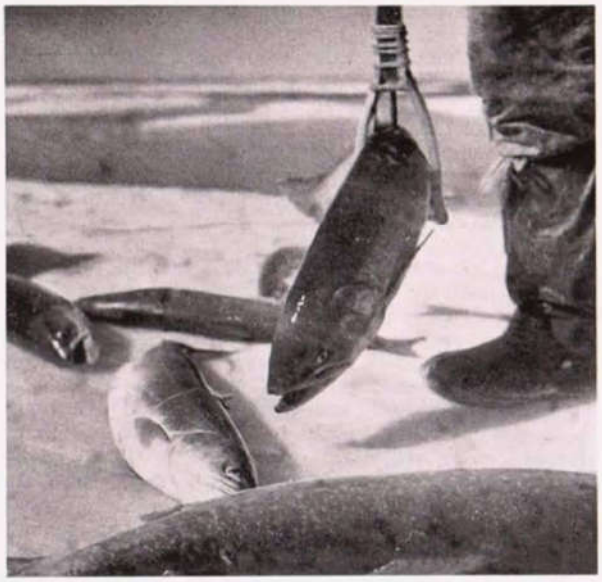
In a couple of months the split fish above and the dogs beneath them will get together. *R. N. Hourde*

Ten fish are hung on a stick. The loaded sticks are then hoisted to a framework stanchion, open to the sun and the weather, high enough to be out of reach from dogs, foxes and wolves. At night the fish freeze a little, and during the day the slanting sun thaws out the frost, dries the flesh little by little as the days slip by. It's a slow, natural process which takes ten days or more: freezing a little, thawing, drying, curing, a process which results in a proper sort of dog feed, light, nourishing, rather high but very appetizing to a dog in harness.

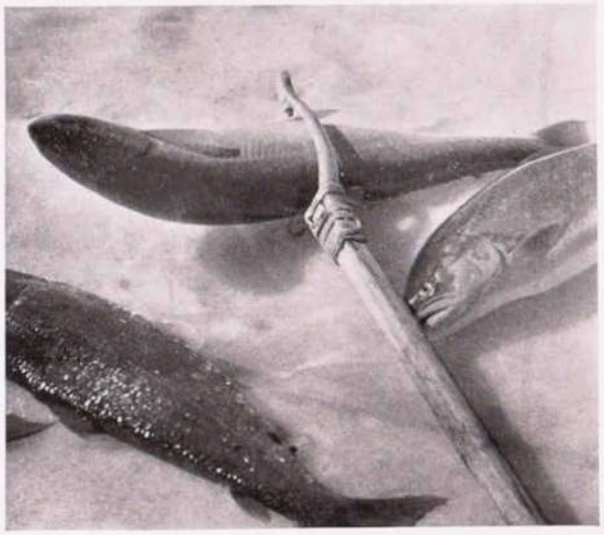
Hauling hung fish into the trading post is usually the worst job of all, for it comes during the equinoctial storms which, up North, fall around the end of October. Dirty weather is the word for it, poor time for canoeing in comfort. Yet the labour of fall fishing has its reward. When you meet heavy going in the winter time, through loose, gritty snow, it is a pleasure to regard the dog feed: not too heavy, easily thawed, relished by the dogs in harness, who gulp their supper in a twinkling and come up for work in the morning feeling fit, anxious to be off again, ready to work another day for another feed of hung fish.

Feeding time for huskies. *J. G. Cormack*

An Eskimo woman with her baby in her hood jigs for fish through a hole in the submerged ice. Note the ice-chisel—and the shoes.



Above and below: Two direct hits with the fish spear, with its iron spike and antler prongs.



Whitefish are also fed to the dogs of the Arctic, along with the poorer specimens of trout. But the salmon, salmon trout, and lake trout are split and hung up to dry for human consumption. The spring fishing season on King William Land and adjoining Adelaide Peninsula lasts for the first three weeks in July. L. A. Learmonth, who was up there this summer, took the accompanying photographs showing how it is done. In an explanatory letter from King William Land, he says:

"When the sea ice is dissolving fast around the shores and when a fairly wide lane of water has opened up between the ice edge and the land, enormous numbers of salmon or salmon trout (there seem to be more than one variety and a few big speckled lake trout too) and whitefish make their appearance travelling westwards, but trimming most nooks and corners as they go, all the way along the mainland shore from the mouth of Back's River to a long way west of Adelaide Peninsula. They travel in schools of from fifty to a hundred, more or less. Some of the salmon or salmon trout, or whatever their proper name may be, are big beauties not infrequently weighing more than twenty pounds, I should judge. One big fellow I measured went thirty-seven inches by eight inches deep.

"But there is a bigger type of fish than those mentioned above, even, to be had in most of the large lakes on the near mainland. One or two specimens I have seen brought into the post from Back's River must have weighed all of forty pounds. They were enormous fellows.

Father fills his pipe and watches for fish. Note the refraction and reflection of his spear sticking up through the ice. Mother still jigs in the background.

"This spring run of fish seems to come into the sunlight in the shallow waters along shore each day on towards noon, the fish making themselves scarce again towards sundown. It was during this part of each day that the natives at Oomeooya on the south side of Simpson Strait, men, women and children, were ever

on the alert with their spears. And, believe me, they surely were expert in wielding that wicked-looking implement. They worked mainly along the edge of the rotting ice, or from floating pans, spearing the fish through natural holes in the ice or at holes cut with ice chisels at strategical points.

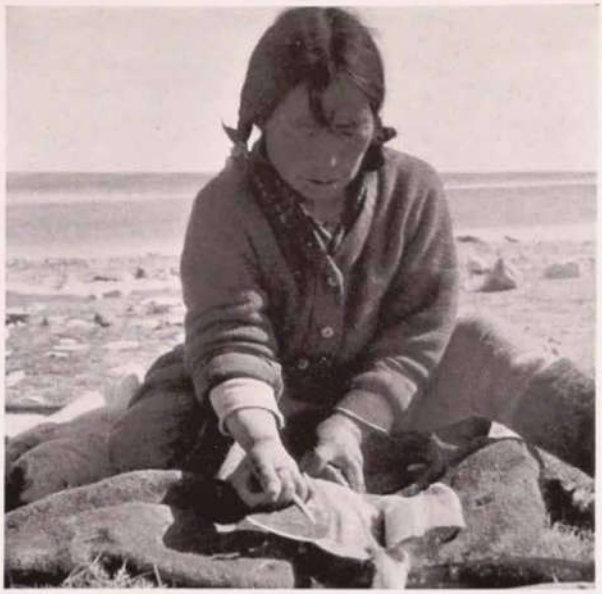
Father shows what can be done with a well-directed kuk-i-vuk.

"There were only two small families at the Oomeooya camp when I got there, and they must have had about two thousand dried or drying fish in hand at that time. Their method of handling the fish should be clearly illustrated by the pictures. The bones, entrails and heads from the split fish are cached for dog feed, as also are all whitefish and thin or poorer sorts of trout, only the better types of salmon being split and dried.

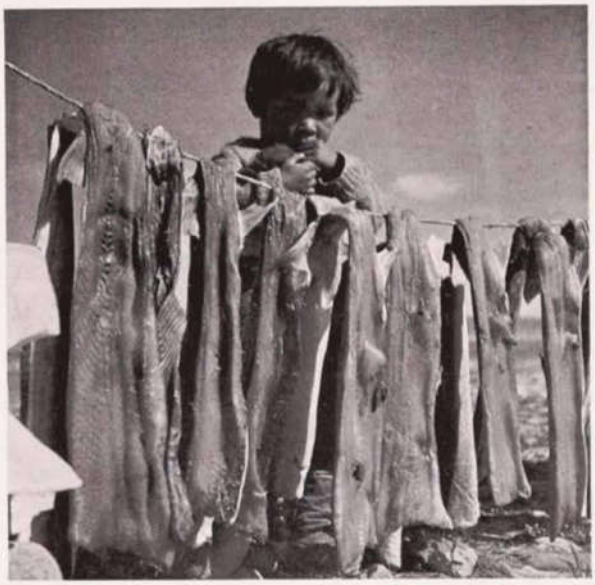
"The natives at Oomeooya also had a net which, when the wind would drive the ice far enough off shore, they would put in the water, but which they would have to pull out again when the wind would veer and drive the ice back. Even at that the net was a much more effective instrument than the spears, no matter how expertly handled.

"But, truly, the matter of fish in this part of the Arctic is a very big subject indeed, and one for a trained specialist who can afford to devote many years to studying it. Even a rough run-over concerning only the native side of the story would fill more than one big book. You see there is spring fishing, lake fishing in winter and summer, fishing with river and tidal rock traps and so on, and all calling for different technique and differing implements and a sound knowledge of certain habits of local fish in general, and especially of knowing where to go and look for them, and when.

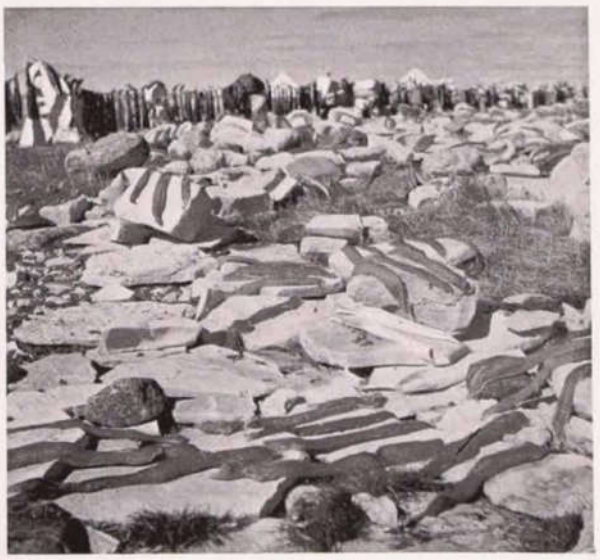
"And is it not extraordinary to think that most of Franklin's men could perish where the seas and lakes are so bountiful, as much from starvation, probably, as from disease and fatigue?"



The women split and clean the fish with their serviceable ooloos.



Split in half, the fish are suspended from rope festooned between rock piles. Others are laid out on the rocks.



NEW in OLD

Frank

Scandinavian schooners at anchor in St. John's harbour. *C.P.W.*

Troops and bombers from Canada and the States have carried out a friendly invasion of Britain's oldest colony, and easy-going Newfoundland now bustles with activity.

ONE hundred and sixty years ago a small fishing business was established in Newfoundland under the name of Job Brothers. Today two brothers—great-great-grandsons of the founders—carry on the family traditions laid down one hundred and sixty years ago. The Honourable Wm. C. Job resides in London, looking after the company's interests there; while the Honourable R. B. Job, for the past forty-three years, has concentrated on production and the development of markets on this side of the water. Some twelve years ago the Hudson's Bay Company interested itself in Job Brothers, finally acquiring a financial interest, which it still owns.

The growing importance of Newfoundland as the Atlantic breastwork of this continent has focussed attention on the island in a way never before dreamed of. Defense developments in the past two years have brought about greater changes in parts of the country than took place in the previous hundred. Today the fishing industry, which has been the means of livelihood for most of the Newfoundlanders for centuries, is being deserted by thousands who find easier, more lucrative employment on the defense projects of the British, Canadian, and United States governments.

Already the lure of American gold has swung over eight thousand men from their fishing boats to construction work on the U.S. base at Argentia. It is estimated that it will require another two years for the completion of this defense project, and the payroll of the 8,000 men on that job alone is already in excess of $12,000,000 a year. Compare this with the payroll of the fishermen—24,000 of them last year drew only $8,000,000 for their entire year's work.

Historic moment. The first American troops arrive in St. John's

But the Argentia airport is not the only development. Large numbers of men are engaged in building other air bases for both the British and Canadian governments. Several thousand Newfoundlanders have already enlisted as crews on mine-sweepers and corvettes, because nowhere in the world are there better small-boat seamen than those who've handled ships in the howling 50's off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. When crack woodsmen were required to cut pit props in Scotland, Newfoundland was appealed to, and already 3,800 woodsmen from the west coast of the island are making the highlands of Scotland ring with the sound of their saws and their axes.

LIFE an LAND

Ryan

St. John's climbs steeply up the hill that separates the harbour from Quidi Vidi. *Holloway.*

8.15 a.m., January 29, 1941. *Associated Screen News.*

Although Newfoundland is officially under the protection of Canada, you are likely to see more U.S. than Canadian troops moving around St. John's, because the Americans are very serious about their new 99-year lease. Accommodation for thousands of troops is being built at Quidi Vidi just outside St. John's. Here road signs, "U.S. territory, drive to the right," make it quite clear that nothing but force will move these defenders of democracy. Here their own ships bring all the necessary supplies for the U.S. forces. Here diesel engines and giant transformers supply light and power for this new settlement on foreign soil, for it is a rule of the U.S. Government that their troops stationed in foreign territory must not be dependent on the goodwill of the government of that country. Here visitors to the beautiful Bally Haly Golf Club lament the obstructions on the sky-line where these new and none-too-beautiful buildings break the graceful sweep of the hills on the south of the harbour.

So phenomenal has been the increase in money circulation that the government has balanced its budget for the first time this century. Not only has it been able to balance it, but it has been able to loan $2,000,000 to the British Government, without interest, for the duration of the war—or, as the canny Minister of Finance stated, ". . . until Newfoundland needs it."

Depending on cod for their livelihood, the majority of the people live almost entirely within sound of the sea. The fact that the land is not very productive, and most of the inland parts are either rocky or marsh, has also kept them concentrated on the coast. There you will find them in little groups, living today almost in the same manner as did their forefathers who first settled on the island nearly four hundred years ago.

There are three types of fishing—shore fishing, Bank fishing, and Labrador fishing:

The shore fishing is mostly a family venture. Its success depends on whether or not the fish come close enough to shore to be gathered in by the fishermen in small boats. Some years when the fish do not come in these fishermen are left absolutely destitute.

Bank fishing is carried on in the comparatively shallow waters known as the Grand Banks, where great submerged plateaus about two hundred feet below the surface, to the southeast of the island, cover an area greater than that of the island itself. Bank fishing is done by trawling. A strong hempen cable is paid out for a distance of eight or ten thousand feet behind the boat. This cable carries thousands of baited hooks which hang a foot or two below the cable. Fishermen in dories look after the back-breaking job of pulling up the cable, removing the fish, and keeping the hooks baited.

Above: Ten bombers on the tarmac at a secret Newfoundland airport, ready to take off for Britain. Another is just coming in from Canada. Right: A British sergeant-observer and an American officer chart a course across the wide Atlantic.

Associated Screen News.

Labrador fishing is carried on in the same way as Bank fishing, but with smaller boats, and motorboats are used instead of dories. On the Labrador coast cod traps —specially shaped nets—are used instead of trawls. Large trawlers are gradually making their way into the fishing business, and are finding it the most profitable method.

Job Brothers recently owned three steamers, whose operations were described in the June 1940 *Beaver* under the heading "Fish and Ships." Since then, one of them, the *Continent*, has been sunk off the American coast. The salmon freezing operations of the *Silver City* have been temporarily discontinued owing to the war; but she will still be used as a carrier.

The Newfoundland cod feed largely on a smelt-like fish called the capelin. When the cod arrive in the spring, they drive these little fish inshore, where they thresh around in millions. Farmers and fishermen maintain all-night watch when they think the capelin are coming, as they catch boatloads of them as fertilizer. They are so thick while they stay that they can actually be shovelled into a boat. They have a high phosphorus content, and gleam brightly at night as they lie on top of the ground, but for the first few nights after they have been spread out you don't need to see the phosphorescent glow to know that they are there, particularly if you're travelling to leeward.

Literally millions of cod are caught each year. These fish, weighing up to sixty-five pounds, are salted and dried, or fresh-frozen for markets in many parts of the world.

The deftness with which the big cod are split open, cleaned and salted, with the liver, tongue and head saved for future use, is really remarkable. The cod livers are shredded, pulped, partly cooked, and the oil finally filtered off through an infinite number of filter cloths, the clearness of the oil depending to a great extent on the care with which it is filtered. The cod tongues are a rare delicacy, so much in demand by the native Newfoundlanders that there is a relatively small quantity for export. Cod heads are regarded somewhat as frogs legs are on this continent. Only the lower part of the jaw is used.

A new process is being used successfully in the freezing of cod. Over 10,000,000 pounds of cod fillets were bought by English buyers last year. Most of these fillets are being quick-frozen, and packed in special latex bags manufactured in the United States under the trade name of "Cry-O-Vac." The cod fillet is placed in this rubber covering, which adheres to it almost like a skin; it seals the fillet in a vacuum, prevents dehydration, retards rancidity, preserves the flavour and tenderness, and makes it possible to hold these frozen fillets many months in cold storage.

A season such as the one just passed, when the sun was scarcely seen, is very discouraging to the fishermen. Jobs' no longer depend entirely on the whims of Nature, but have installed artificial dryers—slow-moving circular racks on which are piled tons of cod fillets, and where steam-heated pipes dry them out in a day or two. The old-timers shake their heads, however, and tell you that artificial drying doesn't give the same rich golden colour to cod that drying on spruce boughs on a "flake" does. This sun-curing is done mostly on flakes—wooden structures built of poles to keep the fish off the ground and let the air circulate. The peculiar triangle-shaped cod fillets laid out head to tail on these large flakes make a pattern for all the world like some gigantic patchwork quilt. The poles which cover the framework of the flake are usually covered over with spruce boughs, on which the fillets are spread. What peculiar qualities the spruce boughs impart to the curing fish no one seems to know; nevertheless, those fishermen who have obtained their experience the hard way insist that fish dried in such a manner have a superior flavour.

Job Brothers' big trawler, *Continent*, delivers frozen Newfoundland blueberries and fish at Chicago.

Job Brothers' offices are on the north shore of the harbour at St. John's. In the same building is the hardware department—mostly marine hardware—where fishermen can replenish their hard-worked gear. Across the road, filling a three-storey building, is Job Brothers' wholesale grocery department, where you will find the best known brands of Canadian, U.S., and English manufacturers on the shelves.

On the south shore is Job Brothers' sealing plant, which unfortunately only operates about two weeks in the year, because the seals are available for such a

Fishing schooners tied up along the wharves at St. John's. Beyond, centre, is Signal Hill, guarding the narrow entrance to the harbour. On the right is the south shore. *Evening Telegram.*

Placentia, ancient capital of the colony, is picturesquely situated on a low-lying spit of land. *Holloway.*

short period. Here the seal pelts, from which most of the fat has been removed by hand, are hoisted to the top of a three-storey building, where machinery removes the remaining fat, shreds it, cooks it, strains it, and drains it off as crystal-clear seal oil. A good deal of experience is needed in the handling of seal oil to get it clear instead of cloudy and milky. In Job's plant it is finally run into open vats under a glass roof, where the sun's rays put the finishing touch to it before it is run off into barrels and shipped away to be converted into cold cream, margarine, and a host of other commercial products.

Freezing plants and cold storage space of Job Brothers are also located on the south shore, and when not engaged in freezing fish may be busily freezing blueberries. Job Brothers put up over 1,000,000 pounds of these last year under their trade name, "Vinland," reminiscent of Leif Ericson's name for that part of the New World where he first came ashore. These were transported in the diesel-powered *Continent* all the way to Chicago, for these "Vinland" berries are the first choice of the pie-makers of America.

The war has made marked changes in Newfoundland's markets. Before the war, one of her largest markets was Italy. This, of course, is now out. Spain was also a large buyer, but her long internal strife has left her poverty stricken, and unable to buy anything like the quantity she did at one time. Portugal still continues to take many thousand tons a year. Britain has become a much more important buyer than formerly; so has the United States. The British West Indies still continues to be an important market, although it has declined during the past two years. A decrease in the available quantity of fish, due to the large numbers of men who have left off fishing for other work, is likely to cause a temporary stiffening in fish prices, and a greater measure of prosperity to those engaged in the business.

Discharging frozen *Hubay* salmon from one of Job Brothers' ships at Southampton. *Express Photos.*

CARIBOU HUNT

By B. M. May
Arctic Bay

A dog team in fan formation on the ice of Hudson Bay. *J. W. Anderson.*

Third prize winner in the story contest *My Most Exciting Experience in the Company's Service.*

IT is the habit of Povungnetuk Eskimos to go caribou hunting in the early winter, and probably again in the late spring. These hunts are made by dog team and take from two to three weeks; but sometimes they take longer. It was my luck to take part in one that took thirty-one days, the time being December 1939 and January 1940.

After it was decided I should partake in this hunt, my first job was to get the necessary equipment together. It must be remembered this trip was estimated to take only fourteen days at the outside. Mr. Melton, the post manager at Povungnetuk, advised me what to take, which proved quite ample for a fourteen-day trip. Two of each article of clothing were required, so that a dry change would always be on hand. I took two suits of heavy underwear, two winter shirts, one pair of mackinaw breeches, two pairs of outside sealskin pants, several pairs of duffle socks, two pairs of winter boots with sealskin tops and moose-hide bottoms, deerskin mitts, and my deerskin parka. I found a toque the best head wear, as it fits inside one's parka hood well.

Our start was made on December 15, myself and two Eskimos leaving the post in the early morning. Our team consisted of ten husky dogs and a young bitch as leader. The sled was piled high with equipment and dog feed.

After the first few days of travel, we more or less got into the routine of our various jobs. At night when it was time to build the snow house, Johnny would go ahead, after stopping the dogs, to look for suitable snow for a house. This was done by repeatedly testing its texture by inserting his knife into it. When he found a spot that suited him, he would give the sign and the dogs would rush forward with more energy than they had shown all day, well knowing the day's travel was finished. The sled was drawn close to the place where the door of the snow house was to be. It would then be my job to unharness the dogs and gather up the traces, etc. Johnny would proceed to build the house while Quananack chinked the sides. I would next unlash the sled and place all articles required inside, by the door, and when this had been done, the house would be pretty well completed. We would then hand the grub box, primus stove, sleeping gear, deerskins and dog feed in to Johnny, who would arrange them inside and light the primus stove.

After a well earned supper, pipes would be lit, the day's travel discussed, and what prospects the following day might bring. After this it would be time to feed the dogs. On a trip such as this it is advisable to feed each dog individually, so that he gets his full share and no food is wasted. This is done by removing the block of snow from the door and calling each dog by name, who loses no time in crawling half way through the door. He will not come any farther, well knowing from experience a sharp tap on the nose awaits him. The boss dog of the team is fed first, or else he gives the others no rest until he has had his share. Each dog seems to know who should eat before him and who should not. And they come in the same order each night. After a time one gets to know the character of each one—how big a piece of meat he can swallow without it sticking in his throat, and whether or not he chews his food. Also one gets to know just which one it is who is yapping outside the snow house.

After the feeding it would be time to go to bed. Boxes etc. would be jammed against the wall, and deerskins spread out, sleeping bags unrolled, and all made ready. I found it advisable to keep on my underwear and shirt, also a pair of dry duffle socks and a light cap, as it gets quite cold in the snow house before morning.

At daybreak Johnny would reach out of his blanket and light the primus stove. In a short time it would be well above zero in the house, even though thirty or forty below outside. Clothes would then be pulled on and breakfast made ready. After this, Quananack would go out, report on the weather, and ice the sled runners with warm water. All articles would then be put out, the snow house sealed up, sled lashed, and another day's travel begun. Owing to the shortness of the winter days, we would not stop at noon for tea, and I found a hardtack biscuit in my pocket came in handy at noon.

After the tenth day out, the country started to change a lot. There was much more grass showing through the snow on the hills, and all in all it looked

good caribou country. It was expected we should get meat any day, but all we saw were old tracks. On the fourteenth day, things began to look serious, as our dog feed and own grub looked very small. It was no use following old tracks, as the caribou travel continually in the cold winter months. On the fifteenth day, we estimated we had enough feed for only four more days and enough grub for five.

The following day, while crossing a large lake, Johnny saw a movement in the distance. How he ever saw it I don't know, as Quananack and I could see nothing, and we both have good eyesight. After getting the telescope out, we saw it was four caribou feeding on a small island. We travelled for an hour, before deciding it was time to chase them on foot. The next thing was to secure the dogs, so there would be no danger of them smelling the game and running after them. This was done by taking three or four traces, cutting a deep hole in the hard snow, tying the traces in a large knot and placing them in the hole, then packing snow on top of each knot. Thus were the dogs tied in a country where there is no tree for several hundred miles.

After checking our rifles, we spread out to try and encircle the caribou. But we soon saw we were to fail in this, as they had some intimation of our presence. Johnny then took off his boots and proceeded to stalk them in his duffle socks, thus eliminating most of the noise. As he was almost within reasonable range for shooting, they started to move their feet, which is a sign they are ready to run. Johnny fired three shots from his 30/30, but only succeeded in knocking off the antler of one, the range being too great. This same caribou I was to shoot four days later, and some fifty miles to the east. It was very disheartening to see this meat run over the horizon, as we needed it badly.

We travelled two more days before getting close to any more game, then only to have it scared by the dogs. Our dog feed was now done and our grub practically the same. It was decided Johnny and Quananack should set out on foot to hunt, as they had high hopes of getting meat in this manner. Owing to a bad boil on my hip, I was not in shape for an extended walk of this sort. The boil I put down to lack of proper food, as I had seven in all before the end of the trip. I was to stay at the snow house and watch the dogs, also fish through the ice, until they returned.

This fishing through the ice proved to be a major task, as I dug through four feet of ice with a ten-inch butcher knife. This took half a day to complete, and was most exasperating, as I imagined I would never reach water. My labors were rewarded by one small trout. That night in the snow house, alone, I had the best meal I had had for several days.

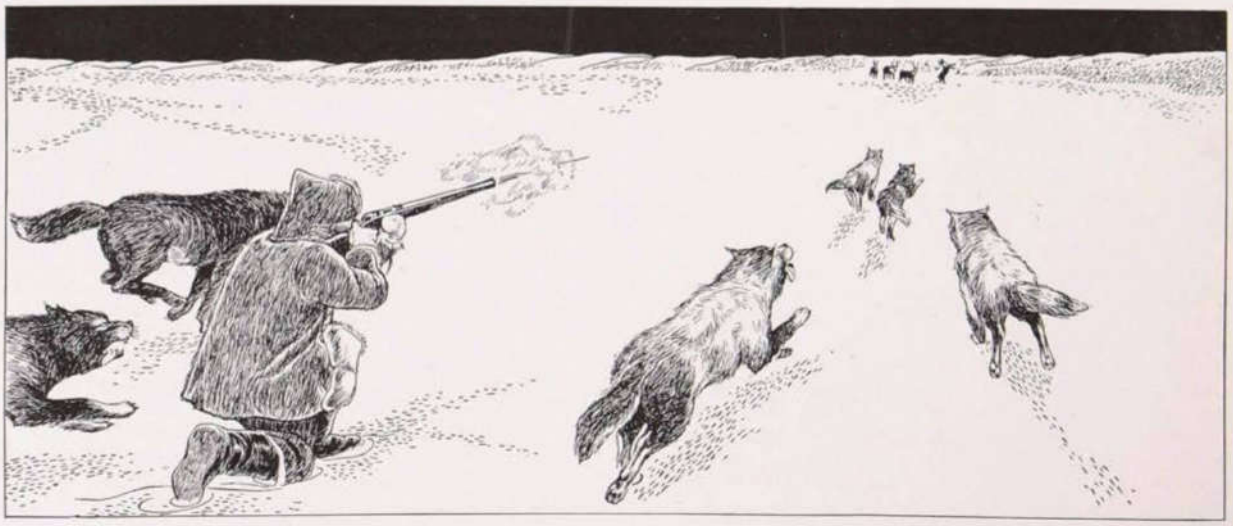
The following morning I arose early, planning on a little more angling through the ice. Upon crawling through the snow-house door, the first thing that met my sight was four caribou coming across the lake, straight for the snow house. There was no time to tie the dogs before the caribou reached a point in their range of sight. So I seized my rifle and walked towards the game, hoping the dogs would not see them, before I got within shooting range. Just as I reached a point where it was possible to try a shot I glanced over my shoulder, to see all dogs coming full tilt.

I at once knelt and started firing. On my second shot the leading caribou dropped. The dogs were now past me, and almost up to the game. The caribou just stood there and looked, until all eleven dogs were within only a few feet of them. Then with a mighty leap they were off, with the pack of hungry dogs only a few feet behind. As they passed I fired three more shots, and knocked the leading caribou head over heels. The last I saw of the remaining two, they were disappearing over the horizon with all dogs but five in hot pursuit.

The other five dogs had fallen on the caribou I had shot running, and were proceeding to tear it up. Rushing up, I found it almost impossible to get them away from it, but beat them off long enough to cut each one a large portion of meat. Even at this, they looked like five hungry wolves watching while I skinned the game. One of the two dead caribou proved to be the one Johnny had shot the horn off four days earlier, and some fifty miles to the west.

I cut a large hole in the snow and dragged both caribou into it. Then I built a roof over the top, after cutting off a generous portion for myself.

"On my second shot the leading caribou dropped."



Eskimo camp on the coast south of Povungnetuk. Note the caribou head, and the stretcher for seal skins. Photo by Chief Factor J. L. Cotter about 1872.

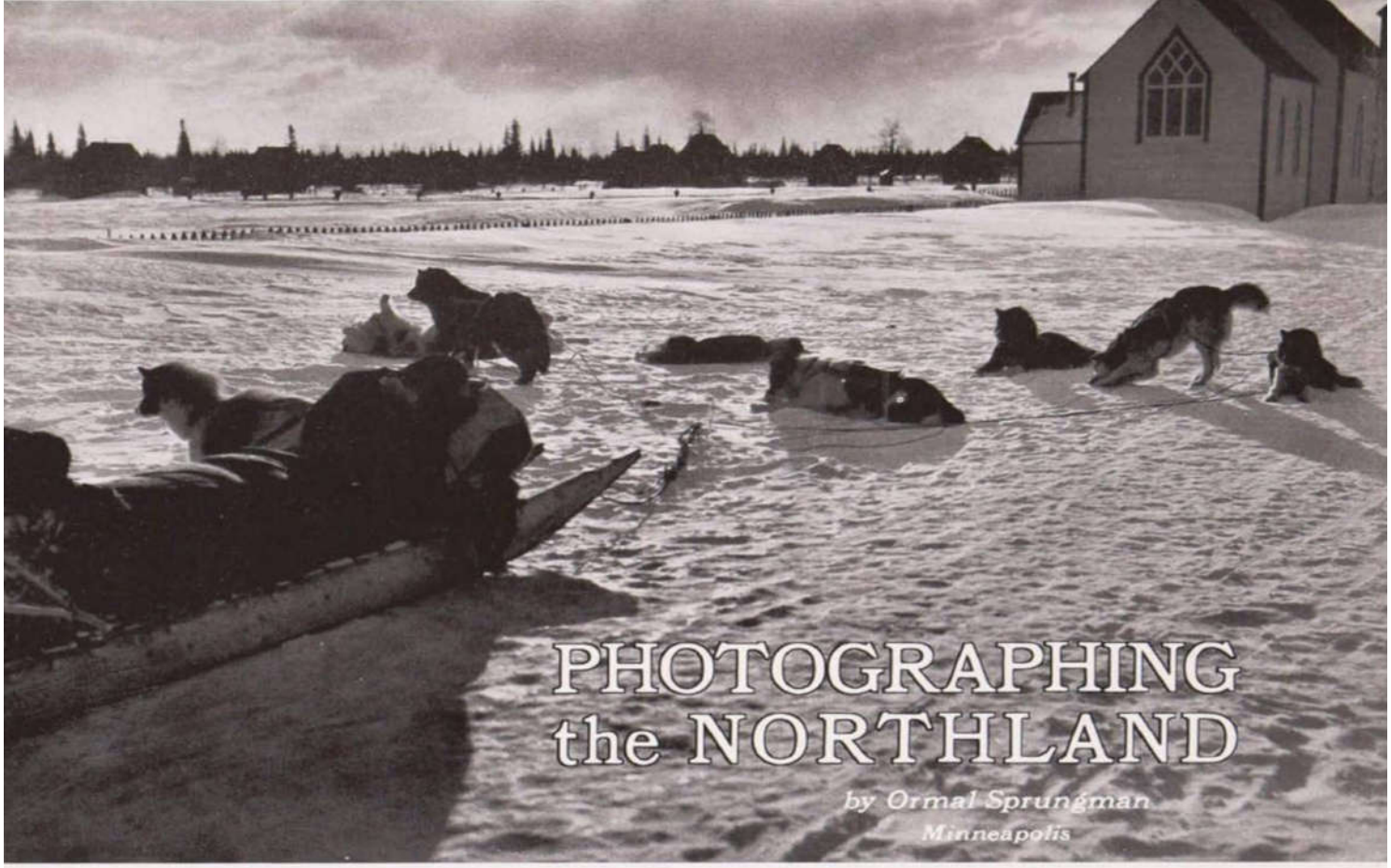
That evening after I had finished my meal, Johnny arrived to say he and Quananack had shot seven caribou about ten miles away. He had carried a piece of meat these ten miles for myself, and seemed quite taken aback to find I had just completed a meal of it!

We loaded up the sled and started off for the place where the seven caribou had been left. The dogs had by this time all returned from their unsuccessful chase. After two hours' travel we arrived at the place, to find Quananack had a fine big snow house built. We spent the night in skinning and cutting up the game, preparatory to our trip back to the post. All our grub was now gone, so we had a long spell of straight caribou meat before reaching home. Also, all our coal oil was finished, which meant we had to burn what willows and moss we could gather for boiling water. This was done by building a porch on the snow house, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. There was no way of drying our socks and mitts, and on cold days we had to run all day to keep our feet from freezing.

At last, one afternoon, we saw the lights of Povungnetuk twinkling out of the darkness ahead. The dogs caught the scent of home on the wind, and redoubled their speed. As they neared the buildings they began to bark excitedly, and soon the sled ground to a stop before the manager's house.

That night, after thirty-one days of tough sledding, I could relax and revel in the luxury of the post—good food eaten at a table, a comfortable chair, a warm fire, a bed to sleep in, and—neither last nor least—a bath!

Povungnetuk post, on the east coast of Hudson Bay in Latitude 60°. *N. Roberts.*



PHOTOGRAPHING the NORTHLAND

by Ormal Sprungman
Minneapolis

The brilliance of this picture by Harvey Bassett is due largely to the shadows on the snow, obtained by shooting towards the light.

The Camera Editor of *Sports Afield* gives some sound advice on taking better pictures.

MOST amateur photographers on this continent would sell their birthright to exchange places with camera-clicking Hudson's Bay men in the far North. Before them, day after day, throughout short summer and long winter, moves a panorama of life on the frontier almost unbelievable to the outsider.

Unfortunately, however, those nearest to such opportunities often prove to be either poorly equipped or lacking in sufficient experience to take quality pictures. Now and then, striking stills or story-telling sets are obtained, but, on the whole, the average amateur snapshot is rather poor.

An editor of one of the photographic magazines recently pointed out that the quality of the pictures submitted for publication by photographers, who advised others on how to take better photos, was appalling. In fact, photo contest judges say that more than ninety per cent of all entries are usually eliminated in the first judging, that often they must lean over backwards to award prizes. I found this true in a nation-wide outdoor camera contest which *Sports Afield* conducted some time ago. Despite the popularity of photography, it is amazing how bad the average snapshot really is. Now there must be a reason for this.

Cameras

Too many amateurs are apt to blame the equipment they have, when the real trouble lies with the photographer himself. Often, an inferior camera can play havoc with serious attempts to take good pictures. Stories are frequently circulated about the box camera which clicked a prize picture. Some boxes do take reasonably good pictures, but naturally a camera that permits critical focussing will give sharper detail, while a shutter of variable speeds will stop all types of action.

Readers of my camera department occasionally want to know which is the best camera to buy. There isn't a "best" camera. It probably will never be made, simply because individual tastes differ too widely. The camera which suits me best might prove unsatisfactory to others.

So the selection of a camera depends on the purchaser himself. I always recommend that an amateur buy the best camera he can afford, and study it diligently under all conditions before he abandons it in favour of another.

Miniature cameras are easily portable, and permit the taking of candid close-ups and other pictures under adverse lighting. But the small frame width is disadvantageous, for every picture must be enlarged to understandable size. Naturally, as a picture is enlarged, sharpness diminishes. The tiny frame size also means that any surface scratches, water spots or lint are greatly magnified on enlargement, and this calls for retouching, an art at which too few amateurs are expert.

I prefer the reflex camera, for composing each scene on ground glass not only increases the fun of picture-taking, but also improves the quality of your work. Out-of-focus pictures are almost eliminated.

Superspeed lenses are not so essential, since much shooting in the north country may be done at small apertures. If you prize detail, close down your lens opening as far as possible, consistent with a reasonable shutter speed. There is a definite connection between the size of your lens opening and the speed at which you take your picture.

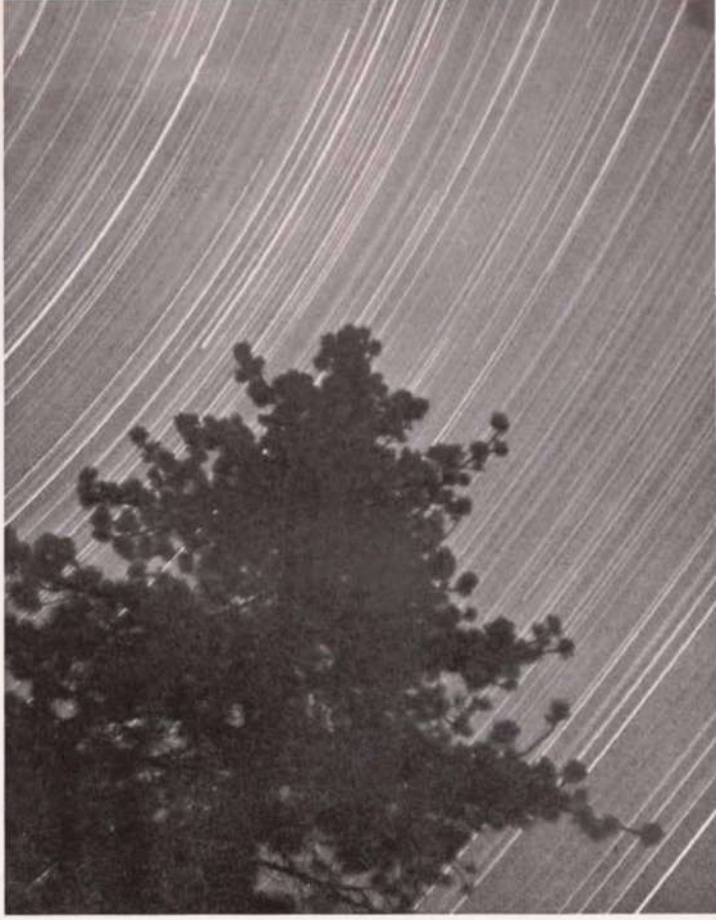
If you were shooting a snowy waste, where you wished to have foreground detail as well as distant subjects in good focus, you would close down your lens, say, to f/11 or f/16, using a fairly slow shutter speed to offset the reduction in light. However, if there was considerable movement in your scene, like a dog team going by, a slow shutter speed would only blur the action. Consequently, you would have to double or even triple the speed of your shutter to stop it. If you shot your scene at the same lens opening as before, you would get an under-exposed picture. So you open your lens two or three stops to compensate for the faster shooting speed.

Any camera having an f/3.5 or f/4.5 lens and a shutter speed up to 1/300 or 1/400 second should be about right for picture-clicking in the Arctic. If your outfit has a faster lens, or can shoot up to 1/1000 or 1/1500 second there might be opportunities for such speeds. I like the 3¼x4¼ film size for its economy and moderate bulk, although the 2¼x3¼ and the 4x5 size are equally popular. Landscape and mountain photographers seem to prefer still larger sizes.

By trial and error, I have now boiled down my equipment to an f/4.5 3¼x4¼ reflex camera with synchroflash for black and white stills, an f/2 miniature for 35mm colour, and an f/1.9 ciné camera for movie making suitable for mountain pack trips and holidays in canoe country. It was also used on a two-and-a-half-month jaunt to Alaska and the Yukon, where "travel light" was our byword.

Films and Filters

There are three types of film available to amateurs —roll film, cut film, and film pack. The first is commonest, but one must be careful in its use, for it is possible to fog film edges when loading or unloading in strong light. Cut film is good, but a large number of holders are required to accommodate enough film for an average outing, unless reloading is done in a changing-bag out on location. The new and improved film pack, however, seems to be the answer to the outdoorsman's prayer for keeping down bulk and weight.



The stars in their courses. A four-hour exposure at f/8 made by Carlton James of Berkeley, Cal. Northern lights may also be photographed with superspeed film.

Fine grain emulsions having good latitude and fast speed are now on the market. But, despite the confusing types of emulsions, the amateur should confine his selection to a moderate speed panatomic film for average outdoor daylight shooting, and a high speed super-sensitive for indoor work and photography in poor light.

In the light of the moon, this photo was made by C. B. DuBois, Minneapolis, who exposed it for 15 minutes at f/16. The cabin lights were left on only part of the time.

Note how the sled in the foreground adds interest and depth to this picture. Richard Hourde, the photographer, used crosslighting when the shadows were long to vary the white expanse of snow.

Light is weaker in winter than in summer, but the reflecting power of snow on the ground helps to compensate for loss of light. Usually, when filming great expanses of snow, there is always the tendency to over-expose. This can be offset by the use of a yellow or red filter, which reduces glare and often brings out the texture of the snow itself. Never use fast-speed emulsions where lighting is brilliant.

Infra-red film and filters cut atmospheric haze and give remarkable detail to long shots. Blue skies come out almost a pitchy black, and red lips of humans photograph an anaemic white. Where such distortion is not too apparent, infra-red or even a deep red filter will give unusual results. A 2X or 3X yellow filter should be about right, and these call for an increased lens opening of 1 or 1½ stops, respectively.

Few amateurs realize the importance of a lens shade. One way to show the worth of this accessory is to shoot a still towards the sunlight, with and without a lens shade, and compare results. The shade cuts off extraneous light which might hit the lens, and eliminates those halo-like lens ghosts which often creep into well-intentioned snaps.

Meters

Exposure-guessing is often confusing and deceiving in the north country, and one solution to the exposure problem is to invest in a reliable meter. There are two main types—the extinction type, in which you look through the meter and read the least visible number; and the photo-electric cell type, which is aimed at the subject and read direct or by computing. Remember, however, that even a meter can be misleading when pointed at highly reflective surfaces of snow or ice, and some human judgment must be used.

Focussing

Nor is there any need for out-of-focus pictures in these days of coupled range-finders. If you own no range-finder for measuring close-up work, where accurate focus is most essential, carry in your camera case a ten-foot cord knotted at two-foot intervals. Loop one end over your camera, walk up to your subject and take a reading right off the string.

Outdoor Scenes

When filming north country landscapes and sea scenes, try your hand at artistically framing your long shots. Instead of standing on the shore of a lake or river and shooting a bald scenic, step back a few feet into the bush and let the droopy branch of a nearby tree mask off a part of the expanse of sky. In timberless areas, frame your shots by shooting through doorways or windows, or include the corner of a tent or sled or canoe in the foreground of your landscape.

Pictures in series are popular today, and the editor of *The Beaver* claims that even he can't get enough of them for his publication. Eskimo sports may be old stuff to post managers in the Arctic; but for the outsider they hold vital interest. If you want to capture a part of the photo history of the northlands, avoid posed shots by showing natives *doing* things. Show each step in the process of making a kyak or a pair of mukluks, or unfold by pictures the manner in which natives skin out a bear. At first, a camera among strange people is enchanting, but when the novelty has worn off, you can click away merrily without catching a single native looking lens-ward.

Photographers in the far North have another advantage over those much farther south, for they can witness and photograph the spectacle of the midnight sun by taking exposures at, say, 15-minute intervals on the same plate. This shutter-clicking may last two or three hours, but when the film is developed, they will have a complete record of the rise and fall of the sun as it makes its short arc over the southern horizon. Such photos are made by setting the camera on a firm support, pointing into the field, and clicking the first exposure shortly after the sun appears above the horizon at one corner of the scene. New exposures are made at regular intervals to capture the sun in new positions. Of course, the camera must not be moved. Exposure varies, according to available light, but an f/8 or f/11 lens opening with an average filter should be about right. If, for example, one second would be the normal shutter speed for the scene at this stop, shoot your twelve exposures on the same plate at a speed of 1/12 of a second. This is done to give a normally exposed negative in recording twelve phases.

This striking skyline shot was made by the author at ten below zero. He posed the skiers on a ridge, left the lens open at f/11, walked over the ridge to set off the flash, then returned to close the lens.

Portraits

To me, sled dogs are among the most photogenic of all canines, and my weakness while up in the north country was shooting doggy portraits. Not full length views, but head and shoulder busts of huskies with droopy tongues and ever-alert eyes. Here a ground-glass focussing camera is extremely helpful in maintaining focus, while you emit discordant sounds which usually cause a canine to cock his head. Such close-ups can be taken at f/8 and f/4.5, and at speeds ranging from 1/50 to 1/200 second on moderate speed film. If your camera is not equipped for close focussing,

Illustrating how an ordinary shot of a dog can be made into an arresting portrait by enlarging the head and shoulders.

shoot with a portrait lens or at the closest working distance, and then enlarge only the head and shoulders.

Eskimos make fascinating studies, but to bring out facial features in portraits, it is best to avoid flat-lighting. Side-lighting is always more interesting, but if strong sunlight is used, dark shadows are apt to spoil such close-ups. To light up the shadows, use a reflector—a white card or sheet—held close to the side of the face opposite the source of light. Often, portraits taken in the shade on a sunny day, or in good light on an overcast day, result in pleasing soft-focus pictures.

Interiors

For inside picture-taking where electricity is not available, flashbulbs, flashpowder or the new black-out bulb will give interesting studies; but where even flash equipment is not on hand, you can still take interiors by utilizing the light from a gasoline lantern. In fact, I made an acceptable photograph of one of the world's farthest north radio amateurs, at his dials above the Arctic Circle, in just such a manner.

Winter Scenes

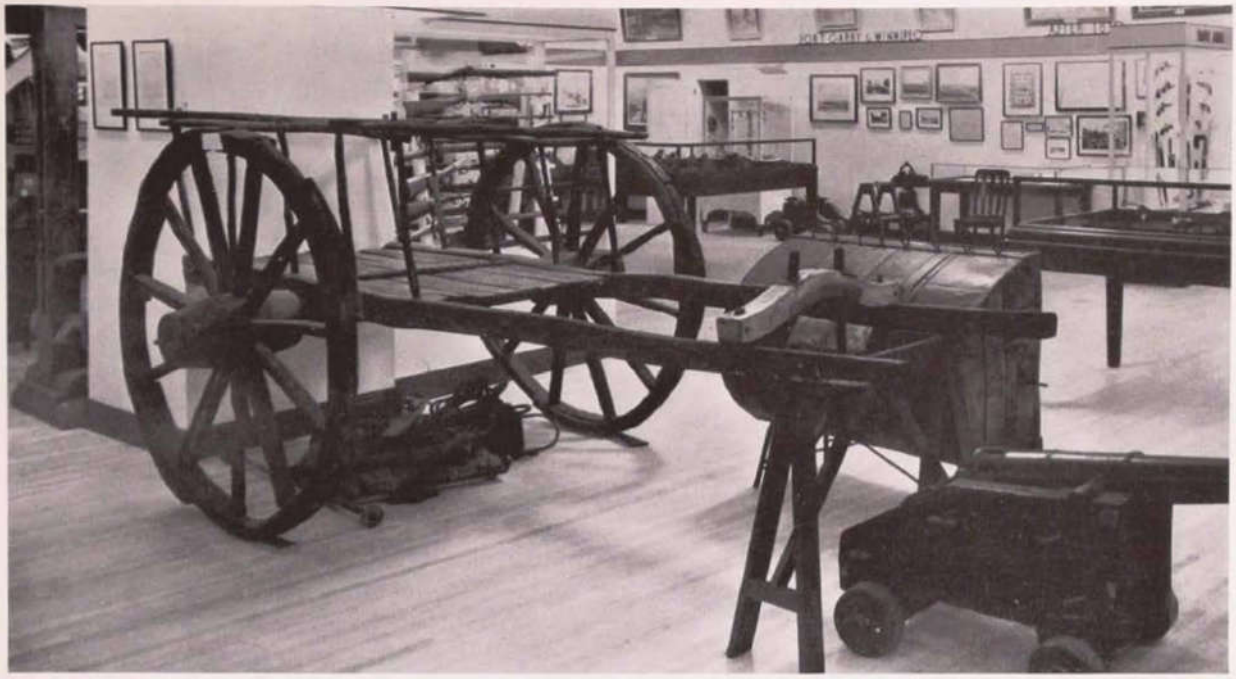
Snow photography is perhaps the most fascinating sport for many amateurs. One photographer insures good pictures by never filming in the direction in which the snow looks whitest, preferring wherever possible to photograph into the light, since darker shadows mean more brilliant highlights when properly filtered. In fact, the secret behind snow filming is in crosslighting, for this produces shadows, and shadows give depth. Others follow the same old rule—exposing for the shadows and letting the highlights take care of themselves.

Winter filming has its problems, too, for excessive cold will cause shutters and working parts to freeze up and refuse to work. This is usually caused by gummy oil hardening at low temperatures. Re-oiling a shutter won't help things. In fact, a shutter should never be oiled, but an occasional overhaul and cleaning of your camera will prepare it for the frigid blasts. When you are carrying your camera outdoors in winter, keep it snugly inside your parka until ready for use. Chemical heating pads, which generate heat with a few drops of water, may be wrapped about the camera to give added warmth. There is always the danger, however, of static discharges spoiling your film.

Most winter filming experts advise keeping the camera outside the tent or cabin, for bringing it indoors causes lens and working parts to become frosted, and such condensation can often ruin equipment as well as film. Angus Gavin, Hudson's Bay post manager in the Arctic, found that he could prevent his camera from "sweating" in winter by wrapping a blanket around the outfit every time he brought it indoors.

There is really no short cut to good picture-taking, and most of us have to make our share of errors before we discover that we occasionally can take a fairly good picture. The photographer who makes the most progress is the one who can learn by his mistakes.

With the aid of flash powder, the author captured this night close-up of a bull-moose in the velvet. When the negative was developed, he discovered that a cow moose had walked into the background. Wildlife filming requires careful stalking.



The cart in the Hudson's Bay Company's museum, Winnipeg.

RED RIVER CART*

by Olive Knox
Winnipeg

I WAS lured on the trail of the Red River cart by the sight of the one that stands in the Hudson's Bay museum. Before I reached the end of the trail, I had talked with explorers, immigrants, scientists, artists, old-timers, seekers of adventure and the rulers of the plains.

I took an old easterner to see the cart in the museum, and before I finished my search I was glad of it. Old-timer that he was, he was interested in every part of the cart, and how it had been made. A country bred person might know what hubs, felloes, linch-pins, and axles are, but how about those who have never even known the joy of riding in a buggy?

I learned that the immense hubs of the carts, from which the spokes radiated, were usually made of elm, because elm was hard to split. The felloes, which I had always called the rim, were made from white ash or oak, because it would bend into a curve. The axle was made from hard maple, because there was no spring to hard maple. The bow, for the oxen, was cut from ash or oak, which was boiled and pressed into the desired shape. But the old-timer didn't stop my education there. He got out pencil and paper, and drew me a picture of a shaving-horse, on which the carpenter sat while he shaped the parts of the cart with his draw-knife.

Later, I read in Hargrave's *Red River:* "Being made of wood was no disadvantage to the carts, because wood was abundant, and always to be obtained in quantities sufficient to mend any breakages. The only tools necessary to mend, as well as to make carts, are an axe, a saw, a screw-auger, and a draw-knife."

The old-timer pointed out that the wheels were well dished, to keep the cart from upsetting. Later, I read that this made them useful as boats. The whole cart could be taken apart, put on the dished wheels, an oil cloth or hide put under it, and rowed across a deep stream, with all the belongings piled on top.

We next paid a visit to a blind friend, Edward Lequyear. He's in his eighty-fifth year, and in the winter he is confined to the house. "No, I can't complain," he said. "My memory is still as good as it ever was. I can remember everything that happened to me since I was five years old. Yes, sir!"

I mentioned the Red River carts. He threw back his head and chuckled, then let out the weirdest sound I had ever heard. "Yes, sir," he said, breaking off. "That's them. You could hear them coming for miles before you could even see them."

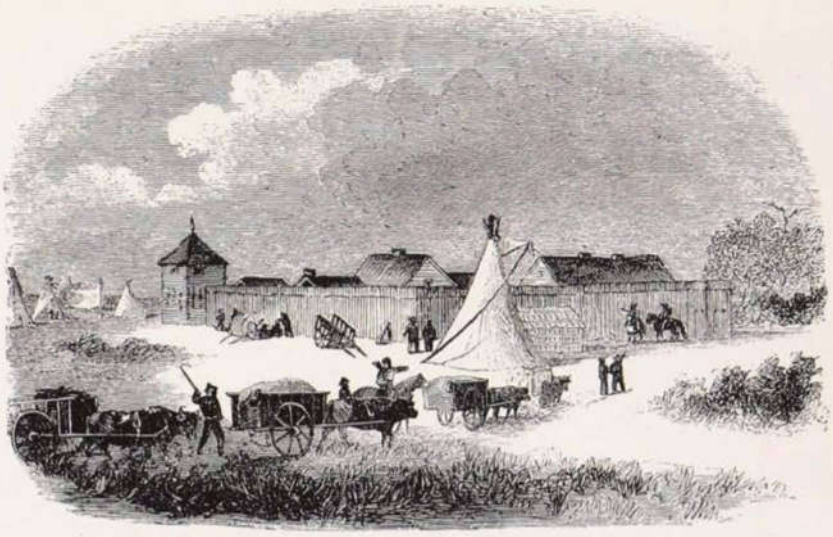
We'd intended to visit him for a few minutes, but we stayed an hour, while he talked, spreading a picture of life sixty-five years ago, on the Red River and the Assiniboine, before us—Indians, with their families, gathering for the treaty money; traders carrying loads across the plains; freighting from the Settlement to points west and south. The wall of darkness surrounding him was windowed with pictures from the past. And what a past it was! He saw the plains change from a buffalo range, and cart trails to railroads and highways. He broke off to sound the squeak of the Red River cart.

"Why didn't they grease the wheels?" I asked.

He chuckled, crossing his gnarled hands on his white cane. "No, sir. They couldn't do that," he replied. "Why, the dust those carts threw up would have choked up the grease so they wouldn't move at all. Yes, sir." He sank into a moment of silence. "I've seen a good many of them in my time," he added.

At home again, I dug out my historical files, and piled together my old books. I intended to recapture the blind man's picture of the past when the Red River cart reflected the life of the people of the plains. I

*A Radio Address delivered over the western network of the CBC.



Cart brigade at Pembina, birthplace of the Red River Cart. From Harper's, 1860.

soon discovered that there hadn't been an account written that didn't refer to the creaking of the carts.

In 1868, Charles Mair, an eastern Canadian poet who came west as a paymaster for a surveying party, wrote home about the carts. "The creaking of the wheels," he said, "is indescribable. It is like no sound ever heard in all your life, and makes your blood run cold. To hear a thousand of those wheels all groaning and creaking at one time is a sound never to be forgotten —it is simply hellish."

The trail of the Red River cart goes back to 1801, when Alex. Henry, a fur trader for the North-West Company, stopped at Pembina. While there, he taught them to make these carts, after the fashion of the ones used in Quebec.

The Red River cart was used for migration before the days of the covered wagon. Chetlain, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, 1878, tells of the colonists leaving Red River in 1823 to settle in Missouri. They hired carts to transport themselves and their belongings. "These carts," he wrote, "are constructed without iron, the tires being of rawhide drawn tightly around the wheels. They are still known as the Red River cart, and until the opening of the North Pacific Railroad were frequently seen at St. Paul."

This is the only account I've read that mentions the use of rawhide for tires. The carts were certainly seen at St. Paul. In 1844 only six carts went there from Red River Settlement. In 1851, 102 carts made the journey. In 1858, the number had grown to 600; and in 1869 to 2500!

There is another account of migration by carts in Sir George Simpson's journal of his trip around the world in 1841. He met a cavalcade of emigrants, who had left Red River twenty-eight days before. There were twenty-three families, from the ages of grand-parents to babies born along the trail. Sir George narrates: "Each family had two or three carts, together with bands of horses, cattle and dogs. The men and lads travelled on the saddle, while the vehicles, which were covered with awnings against the sun and rain, carried the women and young children. As they marched in single file, their cavalcade extended above a mile long. The emigrants were all healthy and happy, living with the greatest abundance, and enjoying the journey with the highest relish."

Some of the most vivid accounts of the Red River cart appeared in *Harper's Magazine* of 1859 and 1860.

Martin Marble, in *Red River and Beyond*, published in *Harper's* in 1860, gave an interesting description of the guide and drivers of a brigade of carts. "Just as we were camping for the night a company of Red River carts appeared upon the horizon," he writes. "At first, we could hardly imagine what they were—for a moment widening out into battalions, and then shrinking to the width of a single company, as the trail came directly towards or at right angles to us, so that it seemed as if we were gazing at the evolutions of a grand army. As they came nearer, the illusion was

"Young McKay," the guide described in Martin Marble's account.

Above: Carts crossing the portage between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith on the Slave River. C. W. Mathers, photo.
Below: Bill of lading in possession of Mrs. Knox, for a brigade of fifteen carts from Fort Pelly, driven in groups of three.

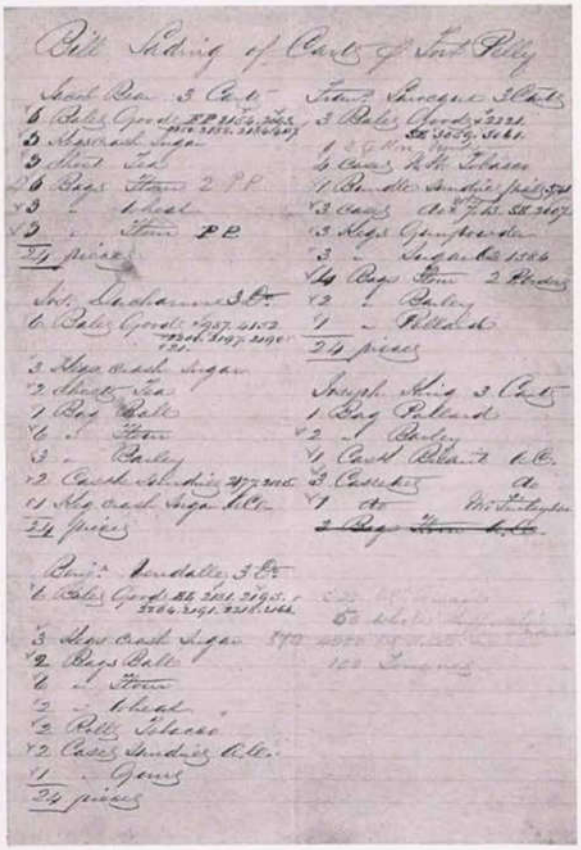
dispelled, and the train began to look like what it was, a huge land caravan. Presently we saw galloping ahead of the train, a young man, well mounted. In a few moments he drew rein under the Stars and Stripes, which we had patriotically hoisted, when we first saw their white flag of march fluttering in the distance.

"The rider, young McKay, who was captain of the train, sat his horse finely. His clear bronzed face was set off by a jaunty cap. He wore a checked flannel shirt, and each shoulder bore its fancy wampum bead belt, that suspended the powder horn and shot pouch. He had upon his feet moccasins worked with beads and quills, and carried in his hand a short-handled riding-whip with a long, thick lash of buffalo hide. Meanwhile, as we exchanged the news and friendly questionings, the train had approached, one cart after another—each wheel in every cart having its own individual creak or shriek. . . . The drivers were all half-breeds dressed in a variety of costume, but nearly all showing some flash of gaudy color in belt or sash, or in the moccasins, and politely touching the cap, with a '*Bonjour*,' to such of us as stood near enough to return the salutation."

In an article, *The Red River Trail*, Hallock writes of meeting a train of carts on the way to St. Paul with furs. The first sign of their approach was a yellowish cloud on the distant prairie.

"'Hurrah! here come the carts!' shouted Kinks.

"Gradually the cloud increased in size and spread away to the southward like the tail of a comet, and soon a single ox-cart could be distinguished at the head of the column, as if just emerging from the thick pall of dust. As the train approached, the outlines of



Bill Lading of Carts of Fort Pelly

Fort Pelly 3 Carts
6 Bales Goods
5 Kegs cask Sugar
3 Chests Tea
6 Bags Flour 2 P.P.
3 " Wheat
3 " Flour P.P.
24 pieces

Fort Qu'Appelle 3 Carts
6 Bales Goods
3 Kegs cask Sugar
2 Chests Tea
1 Bag Pelts
6 " Flour
3 " Barley
2 Casks Alcohol
1 Keg cask Sugar 4 G.
24 pieces

Fort Livingstone 3 Carts
3 Bales Goods
1 Keg Gunpowder
3 " Sugar
4 Bags Flour 2 P.P.
2 " Barley
1 " Pelts
24 pieces

Joseph King 3 Carts
1 Bag Pelts
2 " Barley
1 Cask Alcohol 4 G.
3 Casks do
1 do Mr. Lindsay
2 Bags Flour 4 G.

Fort Ellice 3 Carts
6 Bales Goods
3 Kegs cask Sugar
2 Bags Pelts
2 " Flour
2 " Wheat
2 Pelts Tobacco
2 Casks Sundries Alc.
1 " Guns
24 pieces

the other carts, filing in long procession, could be defined; and soon the foremost came up. There were some hundred and fifty carts in all, each drawn by a single ox, harnessed in shafts with gearing of strips of rawhide. The appearance of the drivers was not less grotesque. One hardly knew whether to be most surprised at the odd uniformity of their costume of coarse blue cloth, richly ornate with brass buttons, their showy belts of red flannel, and their small jaunty hats, or at the remarkable diversity of their figures and complexions, including, as it did, the fair skin and light brown curls of the Saxon, and the swarthy hues and straight black hair of the Indian, with every intermediate shade that amalgamation could produce. Each driver had the charge of five or six carts, the animals being led by a strap tied to the cart next in front, so that, while he flourished his whip over the back of the leader, the rest were compelled to follow, *nolens volens*. In some cases these straps had chafed the roots of the horns until the flesh was raw and bloody, and this added much to the woe begone appearance of the wretched animals. Each cart was heavily loaded with furs, which were covered with a buffalo robe spread over the top.

"As the train dragged slowly by, each driver raised his cap with a respectful *Bonjour*, but on every face were traced the lines of care. The effects of their long and toilsome journey were visible alike on man and beast. No cheery 'Wooha!' was heard from the men, but they walked wearily and in silence beside their jaded and over-tasked animals, or lay stretched at full length upon the tops of their loads, sleeping or half awake.

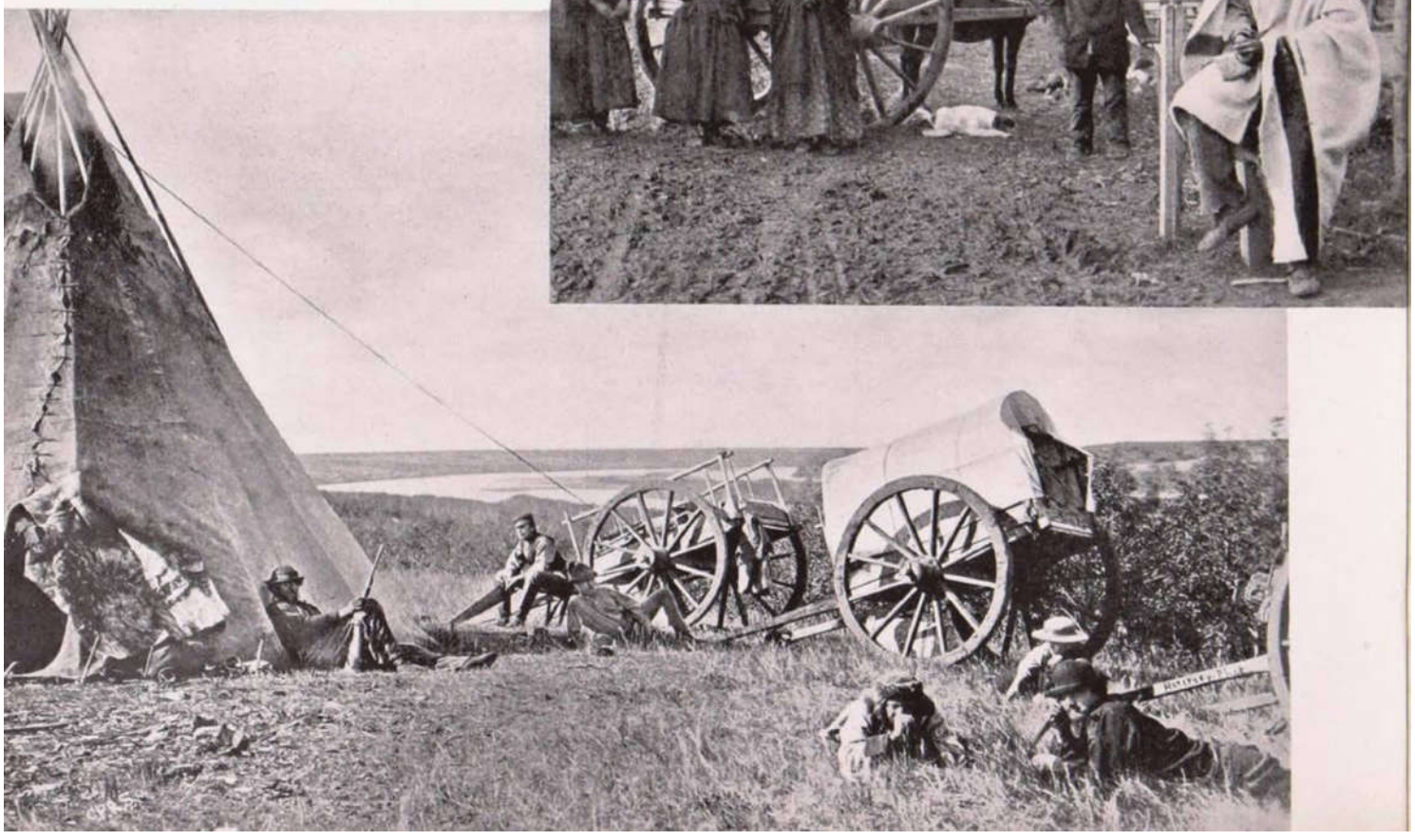
"In the middle of the train, there was a cart more pretentious than the rest, drawn by an Indian pony, and covered with canvas, containing the factors of the Fur Company. They were evidently pure Anglo-Saxons, but in their general appearance were rougher, if anything, than their half-breed teamsters. A mattress spread upon the bottom of the vehicle showed that they were not indifferent to creature comforts. As they drove by, one of them, with a most remarkable 'Bowery twang,' sang out:

"'Ef yer want ter see the finest carriage in ther train here yer are!'

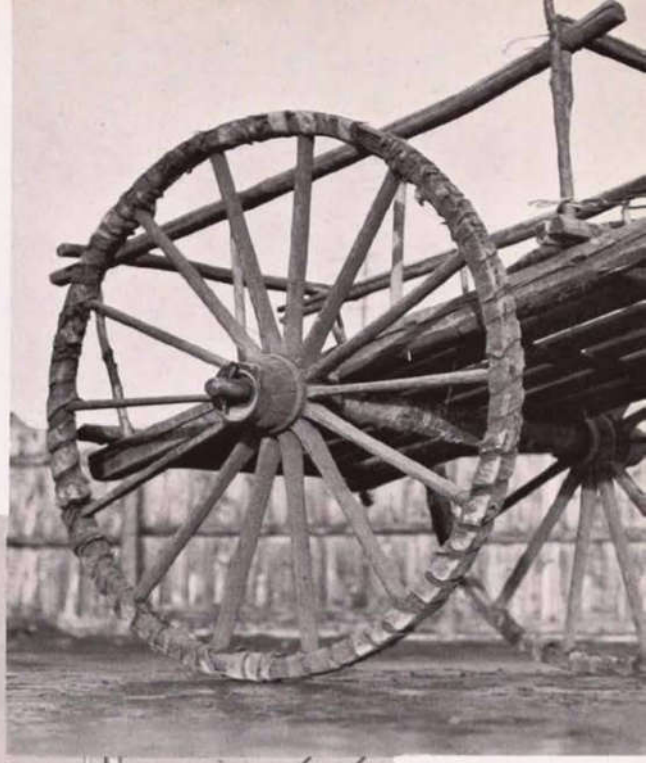
"At length the last cart dragged by, and our travelers once more resumed their journey, highly interested in the rare sights they had been permitted to witness."

The spring and fall buffalo hunt was a very important part in the life of the plains. And there, too, the Red River cart played an important part. From east, west, north and south, these carts converged towards the hunting ground, like the giant spokes of their

Below: Sunday on the trail near the Saskatchewan River. Photo by C. Horetsky, possibly taken near Fort Carlton on trip described by Rev. Geo. Grant in *Ocean to Ocean*. Right: Indians with their cart in Winnipeg, 1881.



wheels. While near Fort Ellice, Martin Marble encountered carts going to the hunt. "If they [the people of the plains] have no carts, they set to work to make them," he writes. " 'Pembina buggy' is the honorary title which they receive from those who despair of otherwise making their jolts endurable—as one might call a stink weed a rose. For from five to ten dollars apiece, you may buy them. Twelve hundred pounds can be piled into them on good roads; and even when there is a slough at every half mile and a corduroy road the rest of the way, they carry seven hundred pounds without often breaking. . . . With as many carts as he can afford, and



Below: An old cart with iron tires bound on with rawhide creates a sensation in front of the Company store at Edmonton, 1942. Right: A close-up, showing the axle of unpeeled poplar.

at least one fast buffalo horse, with a gun of the Northwest pattern ($8 wholesale) and a full powder horn and shot pouch, the hunter is prepared to go to the plains. Women, boys, and old men of the brigade drive the carts, each taking charge of two or three, and passing his or her time, belaboring the forward ox, and yelling to the hinder ones, as they lag in the march." The homeward journey, with the carts piled high with buffalo meat and skins, was a joyous one for all.

John Schultz, leader of the Canadian party, and one-time editor of the *Nor'Wester*, has left us an account of the best way to ride in the Red River cart. "Attempt to ride in it, in anyway that one is wont to do, in a civilized vehicle, and it soon rattled its occupant, who found himself, to a musical accompaniment of frying pan and tin kettle, trying alternately to preserve himself from being pitched on the pony, having his right or left rib cracked against the side rail, or turning a somersault over the tailboard of the cart. There is only one way to ride in a cart with ease, and that is seated in front on its floor, with your legs hanging down near the horse's tail."

Schultz has omitted only one use of the Red River cart—harvesting. Bond describes the carts bringing in the golden grain. "Hundreds of carts," he writes, "with a single horse or ox harnessed in their shafts, are seen moving with their immense loads rolling along like huge stacks in all directions."

It was only when the wagon and the buggy became available to every one, that the Red River cart gave way to man's demand for comfort and speed. Today, one can still see the imprint of the old cart wheels in trails near Fort Ellice, and near Shoal Lake. The cart is gone, but it has left its imprint on the plains, and it still lives in the memories of our old pioneers.

MUDDING A SLED

by Venerable D. B. Marsh
Eskimo Point

1. The "mudder" chops the moist earth fine with his snowknife (left) and takes a ball of mud . . .

FOR generations the Eskimos have used "mud" as a shoeing on the runners of their sleds. The term mud does not mean the same in the Arctic as it does to those who live farther south. In the North mud is muskeg or decayed mosses and vegetable matter. Light in weight, it can be planed smooth and covered with a coating of ice, so that sleds so shod slip lightly and easily over the Arctic snows. Perhaps its greatest advantage is that it can be found almost anywhere in the Arctic and thus repairs can be made at any time and place. Good mud must be totally free from sand and grit, and sufficiently decayed that it can be broken up till it resembles a fine meal.

As soon as there is enough snow on the ground, the Eskimos start to mud their sleds, and in the fall when the temperature is above zero it is a much more pleasant job (though never really pleasant at any time) than when the thermometer registers forty below zero.

The top layer of the frozen ground is first removed, and the soft waterlogged underlayer chopped fine with an axe or snowknife before the Eskimo sets to work mashing the mud with his hands to make it evenly textured throughout. In the winter, the mud is chopped out with an axe, then thawed and broken finely within the shelter of an igloo or windbreak.

From this "mash" he makes a ball of mud with his hands (1) and carries it to the sled, where he breaks it in half. One half is laid on the runner out of the way and the remaining portion taken in both hands. This he splits in two and, holding a part in each hand,

2. . . . which he applies to the runner of the overturned sled, seen in the background of (1).

3. A friend comes to help him and breaks up a ball of mud before putting it on the bare runner.

applies them to opposite sides of the runner. Using his fingers to mould the sides, his thumbs press and shape the top surface (2), and when finished, the other half of the original ball is used in the same way. Many trips to the mudhole are necessary before the sled is completed, and when several men are mudding together, the first one finished will often help his companion (3).

The job completed, the mud is left to freeze—often overnight—but if the Eskimo feels certain that the night will be cold and the mud is frozen before sundown, he will plane it before dark.

For planing a sled, a modern jack-plane is used, though in former times a block of wood with a piece

4. When the mud has frozen, it is planed smooth . . .

5. . . . then iced with a wet piece of polar bear skin.

of steel inserted for a cutter served admirably for this purpose. The Eskimo holds the plane in both hands (4) as he planes along the top, then the edge, and lastly along the sides of the mud. As he moves from end to end of the runner, he every now and then stoops to make sure that he is planing it evenly.

Icing is the next operation; and for this water is taken from the ice-hole and either poured from a vessel or else taken into the mouth and squirted into a piece of bearskin. The bearskin is then rapidly swept over the surface of the mud, leaving behind it a thin film of water which freezes almost immediately (5).

Bearskin is used because it does not become wet. After icing, any excess water is removed immediately by beating the skin on the nose of the runner, thus ensuring that it will be ready for use when next required. The thickness of ice laid on the runners depends entirely upon the judgment of the Eskimo who is icing the sled and his knowledge of the type of country over which he is to travel, together with the likelihood of the ice rapidly wearing off in comparatively warm weather. Needless to say, gravelly or rocky ground will not only wear off the ice but often, when travelling through rocky ground or rough ice, knock large pieces of mud from the runners. Thus a sled may need to be iced many times a day, and it is seldom that it is not necessary to do it at least at midday (6).

6. On the trail, a chip of frozen mud has been knocked off the left hand runner. When the traveller stops at midday, he builds a snow windbreak (on the left), lights his primus stove, and thaws some mud to fill the gap. Meanwhile, he applies a new coating of ice to the other runner.

Photos 1-4 by the author, 5 and 6 by William Gibson.

The DISCOVERY of GOLD in B.C.

The finding of gold by Indians, on the Queen Charlotte Islands and the banks of the Thompson River, led up to the B.C. gold rushes.

by T. A. Rickard
Victoria

WHEN Captain James Cook landed at Nootka on Vancouver Island in 1778, he found the Indians in possession of iron knives, and spears pointed with copper. No mention is made of gold. Likewise Captain George Vancouver, who examined the coast in greater detail during the years 1792-1794, makes frequent mention of the iron and copper seen in the hands of the Indians and of their desire to obtain those useful metals; but they had no gold or silver, nor did they appear to set any value on the metals we deem precious. This is noteworthy, because usually savages that discover gold will use it, for the reason that it is shiny and soft, and therefore adapted to the fabrication of ornaments.

Until the fur-traders arrived, the Indians of British Columbia took no notice of the gold they could have gathered. Then they saw that the white man valued the gold, for he and his womenfolk wore it in the form of ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, and watch-chains. The Indians therefore inferred correctly that if they brought gold to the trader, he would be willing to barter his goods, such as blankets and tobacco, for the yellow metal. This led to a search for gold, and the consequent discoveries in British Columbia.

Roderick Finlayson, who bought the first gold nuggets seen at Victoria for $11 an ounce. *B.C. Archives*

At the time of the Californian gold rush, in 1849, the island of Vancouver was a part of the Hudson's Bay Company's domain. In 1850 the island became a British colony. Furs, and not gold, were sought in trade with the Indians. Nevertheless the possibility of gold being found must have been present in the minds of the Hudson's Bay factors in consequence of a visit from some successful Californian diggers to the fort at Victoria in 1849.

Roderick Finlayson, who was chief trader for the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria at the time, tells a good story about some Americans that offered gold in payment for goods. These Americans wore red shirts and were mistaken at first for pirates. When their ship anchored in the harbour, Finlayson rushed his people to the bastions of the fort, to make ready for defence.

"I then interviewed the men," he says, "from the gate, who told me they were peaceable traders, come from San Francisco, with gold, to trade for goods, as this was the only station on the northern coast where they could get the goods they wanted. Having satisfied myself that they were what they represented themselves to be, I let them in, and they then told me that gold had been discovered in California in large quantities the previous fall, and that they had gold nuggets which they would gladly exchange for goods. They produced several nuggets, the value of which I at first sight felt doubtful of, but brought one of the nuggets to the blacksmith's shop, and told him and his assistant to hammer it on the anvil, which they did, and flattened it out satisfactorily. I then referred to my book on minerals, and found that the specimens appeared to be genuine. I then offered them $11 per ounce for their gold, which they accepted without a murmur, and having thus mentioned my price and received no objections, I felt doubtful, but concluded to accept it, and the trade went on."

The Californian gold was worth about $16.50 per ounce; so the Hudson's Bay trader did well. In exchange, the Californians took "old pots of iron, sea boots, blankets, baize, etc.," says Finlayson. Thus he gathered numerous gold nuggets, but, still being doubtful of their value, he hastened to send a canoe with eight men to Puget Sound and thence overland to the headquarters of the Company at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, for the purpose of ascertaining if he had been right in his trading. The answer, from Dr. John McLoughlin, was in the affirmative. Finlayson's action was commended, and more goods were sent to him for similar trade if the opportunity offered. Indeed, he adds that "several other vessels came from California to trade, for which considerable quantities of gold was received." This episode has been overlooked by historians.

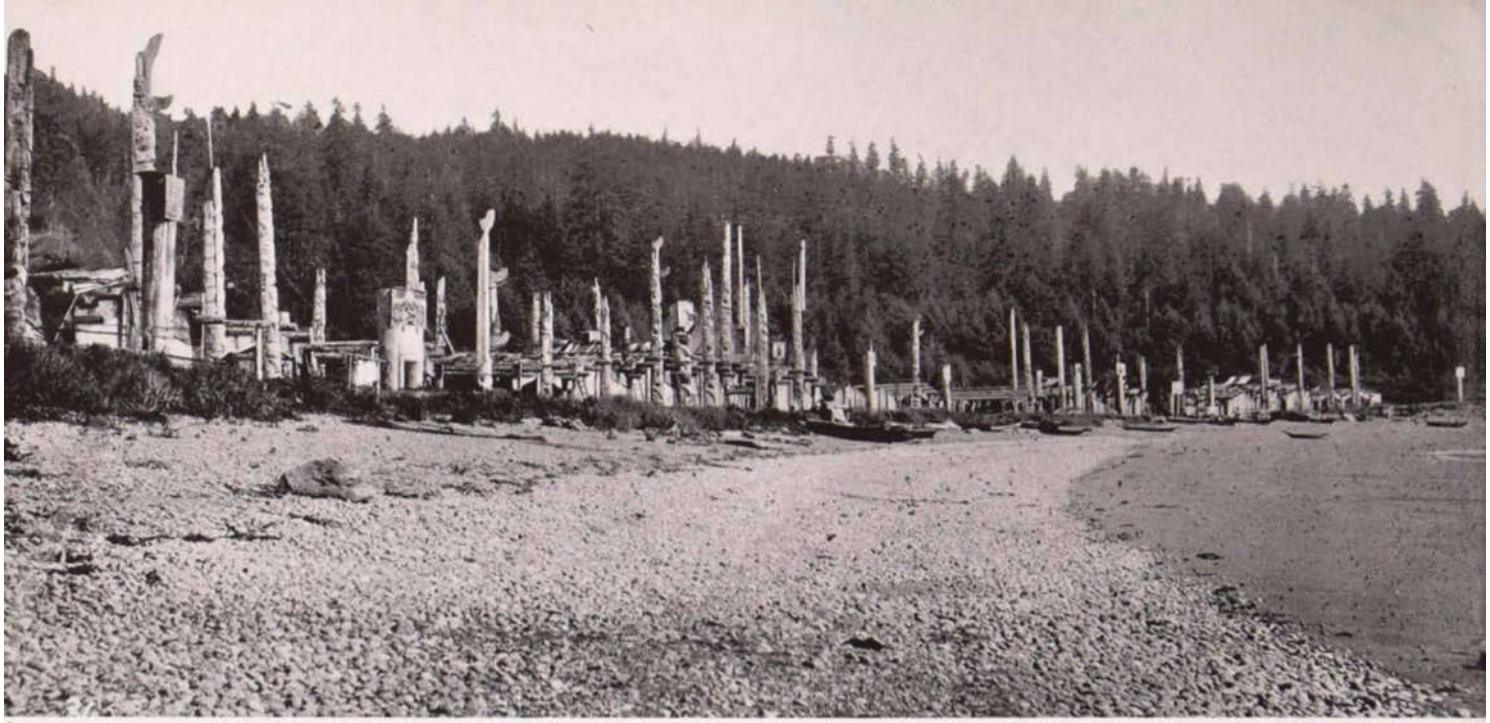
The fight for gold at Mitchell Harbour, Queen Charlotte Islands.

The earliest discovery in British Columbia that aroused public interest was made by an Indian on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Richard Blanshard, the first governor of the colony of Vancouver Island, reported to Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, in August of 1850, that he had seen "a very rich specimen of gold ore, said to have been brought by the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island." In the following year, 1851, an Indian woman found a nugget on the beach of Moresby Island, one of the Queen Charlotte group. After a part of it had been cut off, it was taken to Fort Simpson, where it passed by trade into the hands of the Hudson's Bay factor at that place.

The nugget, as received, weighed about five ounces. Later it was sent to the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria. On March 29, 1851, Governor Blanshard informed Earl Grey: "I have heard that fresh specimens of gold have been obtained from the Queen Charlotte islanders; I have not seen them myself, but they are reported to be very rich." The Company sent the ship *Huron* to Mitchell Harbour, on Moresby Island, for the purpose of investigation. Some gold-quartz was brought back to Fort Victoria and this stimulated further interest in the discovery. During July, and again in October, 1851, the brigantine *Una* was sent thither by the Hudson's Bay Company and returned with information concerning a quartz vein that was seven inches wide and traceable for eighty feet. It was reported to contain "twenty-five per cent. of gold in some places," which indicates specimen stuff goodly to look upon.

Some of this gold-bearing quartz was blasted and then shipped, despite the interference of the Indians. The *Una* was lost on her second return voyage. Then the *Orbit*, an American ship, which was on the rocks off Esquimalt, was bought by the Company, repaired, and renamed the *Recovery*. She was sent north with thirty miners in addition to her crew, these miners having agreed to share their luck. Three months were spent in getting a cargo of ore, which was taken to England and eventually yielded a sum of money that gave the miners $30 per month for their labour.

The Indians objected to the intrusion of the miners and to their removal of the gold. Chief Trader W. H. McNeill, once captain of the *Beaver*, who accompanied the *Una* expedition, reported to Governor Douglas: "I am sorry to inform you that we were obliged to leave off blasting, and quit the place for Fort Simpson, on account of the annoyance we experienced from the natives. They arrived in large numbers, say 30 canoes, and were much pleased to see us on our first arrival. When they saw us blasting and turning out the gold in such large quantities, they became excited and commenced depredations on us, stealing the tools, and taking at least one-half of the gold that was thrown out by the blast. They would lie concealed until the report was heard, and then make a rush for the gold; a regular scramble between them and our men would then take place; they would take our men by the legs, and hold them away from the gold. Some blows were struck on these occasions. The Indians drew their knives on our men often. The men who were at work on the vein became completely tired and disgusted at these proceedings, and came to me on three different occasions and told me that they would not remain any longer to work the gold; that their time was lost to them, as the natives took one-half of the gold thrown out by the blast, and blood would be shed if they continued to work at the digging; that our force was not strong or large enough to work and fight also. They were aware they could not work on shore after hostility had commenced, therefore I made up my mind to leave the place, and proceed to this place [Fort Simpson]. The natives were very jealous of us



Haida village at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands.

when they saw that we could obtain gold by blasting; they had no idea that so much could be found below the surface; they said that it was not good that we should take all the gold away; if we did so, that they would not have anything to trade with other vessels should any arrive. In fact, they told us to be off."

McNeill had with him only eleven men, a force quite insufficient to discipline the Indians; moreover, it was the settled policy of the Hudson's Bay Company not to antagonize the natives, with whom the factors traded for furs. Therefore any sort of lethal attack was avoided.

When the finding of gold on one of the Queen Charlotte islands was noised abroad, not only at Fort Victoria but also at San Francisco, several vessels sailed from that Californian port for Mitchell Harbour. But Chief Factor James Douglas, who had been appointed governor of Vancouver Island two years before, was ready for them. In September 1852, Sir John Pakington, the Colonial Secretary in London, had instructed Douglas "to take immediate steps for the protection of British interests against the depredations of the Indians, or the unwarranted intrusion of foreigners, on the territory of the Queen," and forthwith had issued a commission making Douglas lieutenant-governor of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Whereupon, in March of 1853, Douglas asserted the regalian right to any gold that might be obtained there. This action on his part proved deeply significant. The regalian right, or royal claim, to deposits of precious metal, is traditional; it is a kingly perquisite that comes from the days of the Roman emperors. Douglas followed this proclamation by fixing a miner's license fee of ten shillings a month, payable in advance, and to be obtained only at Fort Victoria; and Victoria thereby became the chief point of departure for the gold diggings.

William McNeill, captain of the *Una*. Previously he had commanded the *Llama* and the *Beaver*. *B. C. Archives*

The deposits at Mitchell Harbour, however, were quickly exhausted, and the Americans soon left, disappointed. Later the American ship *Susan Sturges* arrived and the captain collected some of the ore discarded by the *Una* expedition. This shipment was sold for $1500 at San Francisco. A second voyage by the same American ship ended in disaster, for she was captured and the crew made prisoners by the Indians at Massett, on Graham Island, another of the Queen Charlotte group. The American gold-seekers were rescued by a party sent thither on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Beaver*. Altogether about $20,000 was taken from the little quartz vein at Mitchell Harbour. It was merely a pocket, and of no industrial importance, but it made the people at Victoria, and elsewhere along the coast, gold-conscious. Their interest in gold mining had been aroused.

In 1855 gold was found by "a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company" near Fort Colville, in the valley of the Columbia River, just south of the Canadian border. James Cooper, testifying in London before the parliamentary committee investigating the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1857, linked this discovery of gold at Fort Colville with the subsequent finding of it by white men on the Thompson River. George M. Dawson, the distinguished Canadian geologist, was of the same opinion. Writing in 1889, he says: "It seems certain that the epoch-making discovery of gold in British Columbia was the direct result of the Colville excitement. Indians from Thompson River, visiting a woman of their tribe who was married to a French-Canadian at Walla Walla, spread the report that gold, like that found at Colville, occurred also in their country, and in the summer or autumn of 1857, four or five Canadians and half-breeds crossed over [the border] to the Thompson, and succeeded in finding workable placers at Nicoamen, on that river, nine miles above its mouth [junction with the Fraser]. On the return of these prospectors the news of the discovery of gold spread rapidly."

Sir James Douglas, in his memorandum dated 1860, says that "gold was first found on Thompson's River by an Indian, a quarter of a mile below Nicoamen. He is since dead. The Indian was taking a drink out of the river. Having no vessel he was quaffing from the stream when he perceived a shining pebble which he picked up and it proved to be gold. The whole tribe forthwith began to collect the glittering metal." This probably was in 1857. The description creates an interesting picture: the swarthy savage leaning over the clear water of the stream, the yellow nugget lying on the grey gravel, the longing for a drink that was followed by the ageless hunger of mankind.

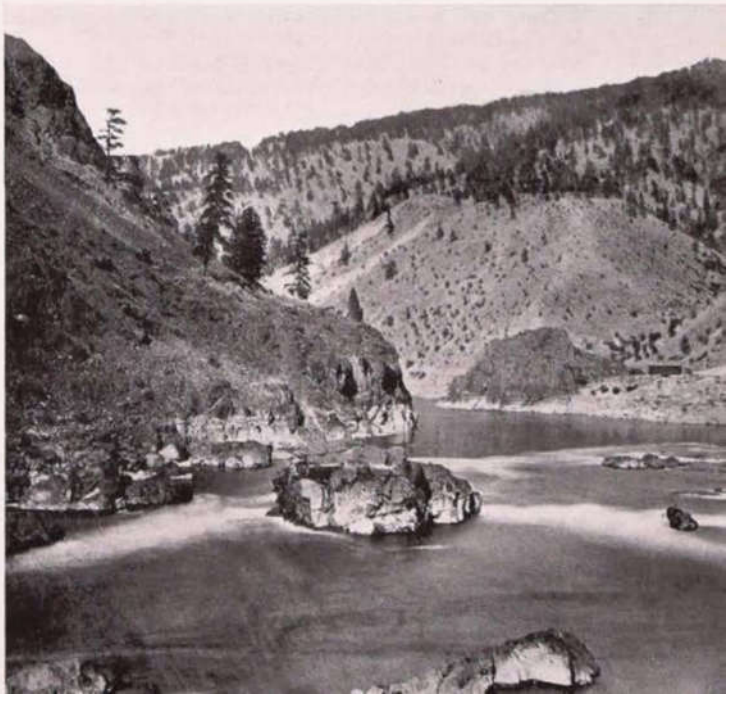
Roderick Finlayson, later chief factor at Fort Victoria, says that the Indians discovered gold in crevices of the rocks, on the banks of the Thompson. Donald McLean, the trader in charge at Kamloops, inspected the gold-bearing ground and then sent down to Victoria for some iron spoons to be used by the Indians for extricating the nuggets from the crevices in the rocky beds of the creeks. The spoons were sent, as requested, and McLean was instructed to encourage the natives in searching for gold and using it for trade.

In 1857 Governor Douglas reported to the Colonial Secretary in London: "The auriferous character of the country is daily becoming more developed, through the exertions of the native Indian tribes, who, having tasted the sweets of gold-finding, are devoting much of their time and attention to that pursuit." On April 6, 1858, Douglas referred to this phase of the subject once more: "The search for gold had, up to the last dates from the interior, been carried on almost exclusively by the native population, who had discovered the productive beds [river diggings], and put out almost all the gold, about eight hundred ounces, which has been hitherto exported from the country, and who are moreover extremely jealous of the whites, and strongly opposed to their digging for gold. In addition to the diggings before known on the Thompson's river and its tributary streams, a valuable deposit [placer] has been recently found by the natives on the bank of the Fraser's river about five miles beyond [north of] its confluence with the Thompson; and gold in small quantities has been found in possession of the natives as far as the great falls of Fraser's river about eighty miles above the Forks."

The eight hundred ounces of gold to which Douglas refers was brought by them, in course of trade, to the Hudson's Bay factors, and dispatched on the S.S. *Otter* to San Francisco. When the news of the find was noised abroad, a band of American prospectors set out for the Fraser River, where they discovered rich gravel at Hill's Bar, about a mile below Yale. News of their success, together with a shipment of their gold dust, in time reached San Francisco. And that started the gold rush to the Fraser River.

In a subsequent article, Mr. Rickard will tell the story of the Fraser River rush itself.

Site of the first gold discovery on the B.C. mainland. Here on the Thompson River, an Indian caught sight of a shining pebble, which proved to be gold. *B.C. Archives.*



SPRING PACKET

Fort Ships

Ships bearing the names of several famous fur trade forts will soon be plying the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. They are the first vessels to be built by Wartime Merchant Shipping Limited for Britain. Under this programme, contracts have already been let for one hundred and fifty 10,000-ton cargo ships and eighteen 4,700-tonners, to be built on both coasts by thirteen companies.

The first to be launched was *Fort Ville Marie* (the original name for Montreal) at that city on October 9, 1941. She arrived in England with a cargo of wheat, apples, and high explosives, last month. Next launching was that of *Fort St. James* at Vancouver on October 15. This 10,000-tonner was named after the Company's post—still in operation—which is the oldest continuous settlement in B.C., having been founded by the North-West Company in 1806. Then followed launchings of ships named after Nipigon, Tadoussac, Churchill, Chambly, Louisbourg, Alexandria, and Qu'Appelle—all except Chambly and Louisbourg being fur trade forts.

Ships about to be launched will be named after Forts McLeod, George, Chilcotin, Babine, and Stikine, all in B.C., and Good Hope on the Mackenzie. McLeod, Babine, and Good Hope posts are still being operated by the H B C.

Wartime Merchant Shipping Limited is a federal company under the Department of Munitions and Supply, and employs over 18,000 people.

Going Up

The rearrangement of the Historical Exhibit last June has resulted in record crowds. November was the highest month of any to date, with 5,483 people signing the register. During 1941, over 46,000 registered on their way out, which means that about 115,000 actually came to see the exhibit. This January the museum was visited by a party of forty-five full-blooded Cree and Assiniboine Indians from the Muskeg Lake Reserve, Saskatchewan.

Braille

Mary Weekes' book, *The Last Buffalo Hunter*, reviewed in the March 1940 *Beaver*, is being set up in Braille by the W. P. A. Thus will the blind be able to read of the adventures of Norbert Welsh, a man who rode the western plains in the days of the thundering herds, but who in his later years also became blind.

49th Parallel

When Henry Hudson anchored his *Discovery* in Erik's Cove in 1610, and took on fresh water for his notorious crew, he named the great headland that towered above him Cape Wolstenholme. Three hundred and thirty years later, another crew from England anchored there on the *Continent*—but this time it was a camera crew, shooting scenes for the big British picture, *49th Parallel*. The results of their visit are being shown in movie theatres to-day from coast to coast. (Below the 49th parallel the title is *The Invaders*.)

The film doesn't run more than three or four minutes before it transports you to Hudson Strait, and the next fifteen or twenty are occupied in showing you the adventures that befall a German U-boat crew, who capture the Company post at Wolstenholme. We don't quite know what a French Canadian trapper is doing away up there; but after all, it's still Quebec, and Laurence Olivier does such a grand job of the characterization that we are inclined to gloss over any such improbability.

From Hudson Strait, the action swings down to Winnipeg and vicinity, with a familiar view of Portage Avenue at night. (Unfortunately the Company department store is not shown, thereby missing a nice tie-up with the first part of the picture.) Then out to the Rockies, and back to Niagara Falls for the finish.

Even if H B C didn't play so prominent a part, we'd still advise all our readers to see this picture with its galaxy of stars. To Canadians it has an air of genuineness about it which they sadly miss in most Hollywood productions dealing with the country north of the 49th parallel.

Notables

Writers of northern tales would have given their eye teeth to have spent a few days in Hudson's Bay House recently. All sorts of "notables" were down from the Arctic, doing business with the various district offices and the fur trade depot. There was Chief Trader William "Paddy" Gibson, Western Arctic inspector, who plays a leading part in *Kabloona*, and who refers to a thousand-mile dog-sled trip as casually as the ordinary citizen would mention a Sunday afternoon's walk. There was Angus Gavin, also of *Kabloona* fame, and widely known as the discoverer of the Ross's Goose breeding grounds. There was Captain Summers, famed Western Arctic skipper, recently of the *Fort Ross*, now of the *Nigalik;* and H. W. Chitty, post manager from Holman Island, off the shores of Victoria Island, three hundred miles above the Arctic Circle.

From farther south there was J. S. C. Watt of Rupert's House, who has seen thirty-five years' service with the Company, and who, in his young days, accompanied by his wife, walked in winter from Ungava Bay to the St. Lawrence—a distance of 585 miles as the crow flies. Because they expected the break-up any day, they dragged a canoe behind them for all but seventy miles. That's a story we hope to publish before long in *The Beaver*. (Incidentally, Mrs. Watt paid us a visit, too, looking like someone out of *Harper's Bazaar.)*

And finally, who should blow in but "R. P." himself—Ralph Parsons, last of the fur trade commissioners, who retired from forty years' service with the H B C in June 1940. Mr. Parsons, who now lives in the country of his birth, Newfoundland, has gone through enough adventure to supply entertainment for a thousand and one Arctic nights. But just try and get him to talk about it for publication.

The Arctic Mail

Paddy Gibson left Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, on February 11, taking along a sealed sack of mail from the Post Office Department at Montreal, addressed to Fort Ross. Fort Ross is only 1550 miles north of Winnipeg, but before the mail gets to its destination it will have travelled much farther than that.

Mr. Gibson takes it most of the way—first by train to Edmonton, then by plane to Coppermine on the Arctic coast. From there, he sets out by dog team on his inspection trip, calling at Bathurst Inlet and Cambridge Bay. At that post—or possibly at Perry River—he hands over the mail sack to a trusted courier, who whips up his team and heads out across the sea ice for the west coast of Boothia Peninsula. Somewhere along that coast, the R.C.M.P. motor vessel *St. Roch* is wintering in the ice. The courier delivers the sack to the sergeant in charge, who sends it on, still unopened, to the postmaster at Fort Ross —W. A. Heslop of the H B C.

Meanwhile, Canon J. H. Turner is expected to come down by dog team across the ice of Prince Regent Inlet on his regular missionary trip. If he gets across, he will take back with him that part of the mail destined for Arctic Bay, which he generally reaches about the first of June.

Flying Time

North America, the land of enormous distances, is the natural habitat of the flying business man. And the fact that the business of Company officers takes them from sea to sea and from Texas to the Arctic Ocean results in a good many passenger flying miles being piled up to their credit.

A record of their journeyings by air was begun in August 1934, and since that date the men of the Honourable Company have flown nearly two million miles. Almost one quarter of these were chalked up in 1940, when several trips from Winnipeg to Los Angeles and one to London and back sent the figures soaring. . . .

Contributors

W. W. Bride is a writer who lives in Cranbrook, B.C. . . . J. A. Burgesse will be remembered as the author of *Snowshoes* and *Our Abused Aborigines* in recent numbers of *The Beaver*. He is an authority on the Indians of the Eastern Woodlands. . . . Alfred Copland is a Scotsman from Peterhead who has taken a keen interest in the Eskimos, among whom he has lived for most of his eighteen years with the Company. . . . W. G. Crisp was manager at Telegraph Creek post for three and a half years. . . . Olive Knox wrote *Red River Cart* in collaboration with her husband, Harold Knox of the Manitoba Historical Society. Both are students of Prairie history. . . . L. A. Learmonth, who served the Company for nearly thirty years, is now doing research work in the Arctic for the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology. . . . Ven. D. B. Marsh is Archdeacon of Baffin Land. He and his wife, an accomplished water-colourist, are both students of the Eskimo. . . . B. M. May, a graduate of one of the 1938 apprentice training classes, is clerk at Arctic Bay, where he assists Post Manager Norman Ross (see page 11). He was formerly clerk at Povungnetuk. . . . Axel Nielsen is already well known to *Beaver* readers as a writer and radio talker on northern subjects. . . . T. A. Rickard, D.Sc., is a mining engineer who has written extensively on mining and metallurgy. He is past president of the British Columbia Historical Association. . . . Ormal I. Sprungman, a young Minneapolitan, is camera editor of the magazine *Sports Afield*.

Bound Beavers

If you would like to keep your *Beaver* magazines in suitable covers, please let us know whether you would be interested in buying stiff board binders, stamped with the name and outfit, at about one dollar each. We would send you the binder, and you would insert the four issues by means of a simple arrangement of steel rods. If we receive enough requests, we will have the binders made up.

Banff Carnival

SIX thousand people attended the Banff Winter Carnival this year. A great many of them were Army and Air Force boys, who had never been in the mountains before, and who had the time of their lives. Calgary citizens provided them with a great deal of transportation, and the C.P.R. ran special trains, taking up 1,500 on one day alone. Needless to say, the H B C Banff store did a roaring trade.

Miss Pat Whiting of Winnipeg reigned as queen. The carnival was opened on February 12 by Lt.-Col. D. G. Cunnington, M.C., V.D., and the new queen, Miss Shirley Hill of Calgary was crowned on the last day, February 15. Air Commodore Cowley, O.C. Number 4 Training Command, R.C.A.F. (which occupies the sixth floor of the H B C Calgary store), performed the ceremony. A. J. Gilbert, manager of the Calgary store, was chairman of the Calgary committee.

The Banff Winter Carnival is an annual event, featured by ski-ing, curling, speed and fancy skating, hockey, parades, Indians in full tribal costume, and the indispensable Mounties. Staged amid the magnificent mountains that rise from the Bow Valley, it has become the leading winter sports event in Canada.

Above: Pat Whiting of Winnipeg, Queen of the Carnival, speaks to the onlookers during the opening ceremony. The chairman, A. J. Gilbert, manager of the H B C Calgary store, holds the microphone.

Below: A few of the 6000 people who attended the carnival this year, seen from the ski jump on Mount Norquay.

A jumper leaves the take-off and soars past the judges' stand on Mount Norquay, while competitors and a Mountie look on. Across the Bow Valley rises Mount Rundle.

London Letter

THE following members of the Canadian staff serving with the forces were recent visitors to Beaver House: P/O. W. Speers, R.C.A.F., Edmonton store; P/O. R. J. Lane, R.C.A.F., Victoria store; and Lieut. D. R. Peart, Winnipeg store.

F. A. Stacpole, London manager, has been appointed a General Manager.

Eleven members of the London staff were presented with long service awards by the Governor at the meeting of the Board on January 14.

The newly incorporated London Rabbitskin Brokers, Limited, held their first auction in the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade sale room on 18th December, 1941. The sale was preceded by the offering of a live Havana Rex Buck rabbit, presented for auction for the benefit of Mrs. Winston Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Fund. The animal was successively knocked down for amounts varying from £2 to 35 guineas and re-donated by purchasers, being eventually bought by the Hudson's Bay Company for 54 guineas. The total amount realized for the fund was £650.

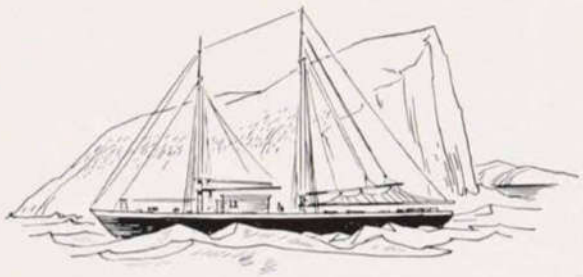
R. C. J. Hurcombe, of the cold storage department, is now an Air Force cadet, and recently left to undertake training in Canada.

Readers of this magazine will be sorry to hear of the death of Lt.-Commander G. Edmund Mack, R.N.R., who was in command of the *Nascopie* from 1915 to 1917, and who wrote the story of her travels in *The Beaver* for September and December 1938, and June 1939. Lt.-Commander Mack died in November, after an illness contracted while he was commanding a submarine hunting unit in the North Atlantic. He joined the Company in 1912, as first mate. During the last war, he was captain of the *Nascopie* when she sank a German submarine. In this war he took part in the Narvik expedition, and when Dunkirk was evacuated, he volunteered to take charge of a paddle steamer, with which he made several crossings.

NOTES from the NORTH

Flash!

When the H B schooner *Fort Severn* was held up by the ice in Frozen Strait last fall, Post Manager Stanners of Igloolik found himself on the spot. Geographically speaking, in fact, he still is. Colloquially speaking, he's not so much on the spot as he would have been without the radio. Before his post was radio equipped, he would have had to wait another year before he could send in his requisition to Winnipeg for the annual outfit of trade goods. Or the requisition might have been relayed by dog team down the posts on the west side of Hudson Bay, then sent on to Winnipeg from Churchill.



But in 1942 the Arctic, in common with the rest of the world, moves faster. Early in January, John Stanners completed his requisition for the year, sat down at his radio, and started peepity-peeping the long list into the ether. Chesterfield Inlet picked up every one of the 2056 words and relayed them to Churchill, from where the message was wired to Hudson's Bay House.

So when Bertha Tiktaowya receives that pair of Foundettes she ordered last spring, she'll owe it all to modern science and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Through Chief Trader William "Paddy" Gibson, The Beaver *gets a new subscriber.*

Richardson Island, N.W.T., 10th Dec. 1941

Dear Mr Gibson:

This is just another short note to thank you very much indeed for the surprising amount of things you sent to Annie. She made you a pair of slippers because we both like you very much as you have always been very kind to us. We both hope you will have a pleasant trip out and safely come right back again.

I am sending one white fox if you will please get me started in getting the *Beaver* Magazines in . . . And I would also like to get a war map. And if there is any that I would owe, just let me know. . . . Annie and I both wish you a very Happy Xmas wherever you may be.

From your friends
ANNIE and JASPER ANDREASEN.

Jasper is a full-blooded Eskimo, mission educated. He has now been enrolled on the subscribers' list of The Beaver *for several years.*

A mari usque ad mare

For the Victory Loan campaign which, as we go to press, is still in progress, all the most inaccessible posts of the Fur Trade are being canvassed by radio, and the others by mail.

J. W. Anderson, manager of Ungava district, is in charge of the continent-wide canvass. Under his direction, radiograms were sent out to the post managers at Lac du Brochet, Manitoba; Deer Lake, Ontario; Tavane, N.W.T.; Cape Smith, P.Q.; Read Island and Arctic Bay. Each of them was urged to solicit subscriptions—from the staff and all others who might contribute—not only verbally at their own posts, but through the ether from all radio-equipped posts in their area. Nearby post managers were advised by mail, and did their canvassing by mail and radio and word of mouth.

By the end of the first day of the campaign, subscriptions from ten posts totalling nearly $15,000 had been received over the air waves at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg. Almost two thirds of this amount was subscribed personally by two Arctic post managers. $268 of it was contributed by sixteen Eskimos at Read Island for the purchase of War Savings Certificates.

"Well, I'm going to turn in before I get eaten alive . . ."

"Regularly twice a year!"

Subscriptions are still flowing in from the other 190 posts, and by the time the lists close it is expected that the men of the North will have made a very handsome contribution to Canada's war finances.

A glimpse into Eskimo life from the Cape Dorset journal.

Friday, 7th March, 1941—Ottochie reports that Sharkey, Kumirkpie and Jamassie have been rescued from the island—after seventeen days. However, they had killed a square-flipper and fared fairly well. This good news was squashed by other and worse news—that Ooshoowutok, Shoovegah, and the other woman, Shorosutiktook, have drifted off in the Shukouk moving ice. It appears that they were hunting on the floe off the Shukouk during the time of fast running tides, and the floe edge broke off, taking their dog team and sledge on one pan and the three of them on another. Numosweetok saw this happen from a distance and could render no help. All this happened the day before the recent blow and on the first day of the blow natives could see, through a telescope, three figures on the ice away out in the straits. The woman must have fallen in the water for she could be seen wringing out her footwear. Where they are now, and where they have drifted during the past few days' gale, no one can tell.

Monday, 17th March, 1941—Ashoona, son, and Sakiassie arrived in this afternoon. The chief news brought in is that Ooshoowutok and Shoovegah have returned from the ice. They have not seen them yet, so haven't the full details of the unfortunate incident. We gather, however, that the trio drifted all over the straits—in the several big blows we have had recently—and that the woman, Shorosutiktook, died of exposure. The two men then walked on the moving ice and eventually landed this side of Amadjuak. From there they returned to their camp on foot, after approximately sixteen days on the moving ice in heavy gales with temperatures (on land) of an average of 15° to 20° below zero. Full details will be gathered when these men come in.

Enthusiastic comments by a Pittsburgh sportsman about his big game hunting experiences in the Cassiar District last autumn.

I can state that this trip was the most successful and pleasant we have ever experienced. Your outfitting was excellent; your Indian guides and the rest of the men were all that could possibly have been expected. Everything went smoothly, and I do not have a single suggestion as to any improvements that could have been made.

We are planning on another trip next fall, if things do not get too bad, and you can rest assured that we will enlist your services again and want the same guides.

Very truly yours,

L. IVERSEN.

Mr. Iversen was outfitted at the H B C post at Telegraph Creek. (See the article in this issue.)

A glimpse into the life of a fur-trader on Hudson Bay, from the Port Harrison journal, April 1941.

Sunday 20th—Nice and quiet to-day. T. H. Lazier paid a visit and returned some books we had loaned him. Finished recovering one of our living room chairs this evening, then before retiring varnished the kitchen linoleum.

Monday 21st—Peter, or rather Dovidee, and Simon arrived to-day. Simon caught a nice mink, and of all places, away out on the sea ice! Quite spring-like down south, the boys report. Natives have now finished using mudded sleds.

Tuesday 22nd—Showmik and Daniel arrived. Showmik loves to sit and gossip, so we gave him plenty to listen to. He is very interested in the war, though his geography is vague, to say the least. We have taken to calling the Italians "the boot people."

Though we do not mention the war in these jottings, it is always in our thoughts; for the radio brings every event home just as well as any newspaper ever does.

"Just you wait till the District Manager hears about this!"

Above: His Majesty the King inspects the men of the night-fighter squadron commanded by Paul Davoud, who walks on his right. Left: Fort Garry Gate park, where the King received his "royal rent" from the Company, glitters with hoarfrost on a sunny winter's morning.

Above: These Eskimos at Read Island, 200 miles above the Arctic Circle, are bringing their white fox skins in to the Company post to buy Victory Bonds. Left: Canon Webster points out to Bishop Fleming at Coppermine the place where he was lost for five days on the sea ice in January, 1931

BOOK REVIEWS

PADDLE-TO-THE-SEA, Written and illustrated by Holling C. Holling. Thomas Allen and Sons, Toronto, and Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1941.

EVERYONE familiar with Mr. Holling's beautiful *Book of Indians* will expect great things of this latest work of his. And they will certainly not be disappointed. The story itself is entertaining, but it is chiefly a framework on which to hang the magnificent full-page illustrations in colour and the delicate marginal sketches that adorn the book.

Primarily it has been written for children; but their parents will enjoy it just as much, if not more. The tale is most unusual. An Indian boy in the Lake Nipigon country carves and paints a little model canoe with an Indian inside, and sets it out on the snow. In the spring when the snow melts, it is carried down to the river, and the little figure, Paddle-to-the-Sea, begins his long odyssey. He floats down the Nipigon River, and then is carried by the currents to the west end of Lake Superior. From there he travels all the way down the Great Lakes system to the sea, and finally he is picked up by a French fisherman on the Banks of Newfoundland and taken to France.

On his long journey, which lasts through two winters and three summers, the little voyager meets all sorts of adventures, with ships and animals and men, and the reader thus learns incidentally a good deal about life in the Great Lakes region. Mr. Holling is familiar with the country, and his descriptions and drawings are entirely faithful to fact.—*C. W.*

KLEE WYCK, by Emily Carr. Oxford University Press, London, Toronto, New York, 1941.

HERE is a clear case of one to whom much has been given and richly given. The artistic fame of Emily Carr has long been spread far beyond this continent; and now, all unheralded, Miss Carr has produced a too-small sheaf of reminiscences couched in terms so appealing, so vivid, that the results may be fitly described as prose poems.

Rare indeed are such dual gifts. Her wealth of experiences is so clearly inscribed on the tablets of her memory, that the artist can depict them with a skill equal to their reproduction by brush and palette. Miss Carr's close friend, Ira Dilworth, contributes an attractive foreword which ably whets the reader's appetite for the feast ahead. He takes occasion also to draw attention to the little known background of her girlhood, which, by its discipline in the pursuit of her art, chiselled out of her fine qualities the endurance and saving sense of humour which carried her triumphantly to the pinnacle of achievement.

That she should have promptly won from the keen insight of a laconic old Indian chief the descriptive name of *Klee Wyck*, or "The Laughing One," suggests much more than the bond thus formed with her Indian friends. It speaks of cheerfulness in drenching discomforts, of courage in critical moments, of self-control under severe testings.

There is no lack of thrills in these pages. "Salt Water" will furnish them without stint; neither are they absent from the tense encounters with "those bestial creatures," the three red bulls, at Kitwancool.

Two of the four finely reproduced examples of Miss Carr's paintings show in one case the much dreaded "Wild Woman of the Woods," so terrifying when suddenly confronted in its overgrown surroundings that "the fierce wooden image often came to me both in waking and sleeping"; while "the strange wild beauty" of the second, representing a mother and child, "was so full of tenderness it had to be enormously distorted to contain it all."

Are not these words a rebuke to those who have thus far failed to realize the value of these and other survivals of early native Indian art that the majority have been ignorantly destroyed or allowed to perish? The preservation, by Emily Carr's gifts, of all too few examples of Canadian culture will ensure her memory an enduring place in the country of her birth, to which this charming book will be an honoured addition.—*Alice Ravenhill.*

THEY GOT THEIR MAN: On Patrol with the North West Mounted, by Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1942. 287 pages.

IT is a tribute to the place held in public esteem by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that the unit's history attracts many authors, who, though not members or ex-members of the police, are peculiarly fitted by close association with the force to write of its activities and adventures. For a long time this has been so, as is shown by A. L. Haydon's *Riders of the Plains*, published more than thirty years ago, Dr. R. G. MacBeth's *Policing the Plains*, Morris Longstreth's *The Silent Force*, Major (now Lieut.-Col.) Harwood Steele's *Policing the Arctic*, and notably by this new book of Philip H. Godsell's. It is a characteristic of these books that the texts reveal in a striking measure the personalities of the men who wrote them, none more so than Mr. Godsell's, which, covering almost precisely the same ground as *Policing the Arctic*, differs from all previous works in the complete independence of its point of view.

As Colonel Steele had done, Mr. Godsell opens his book with an account of the career of "Soapy" Smith and his desperadoes during the gold-rush days in Skagway. He continues with the tale of the subjugation of the Yukon by the Mounted Police and describes again the notorious Yukon River murder cases, which the police handled with such consummate patience and skill. This is not the best part of the book. Only

a few unimportant details of the Yukon stories are new; and the reader senses that the author is hurrying on eagerly, almost impatiently, to scenes and events with which he is more familiar. The haste has engendered weakness. Never subscribing to the academic school whose horror is the cliché, nor to the prejudices of those whose lives are darkened by carelessness in style, Mr. Godsell flings clichés at his readers in a steady stream and chooses words without discrimination. He has an exciting story to tell, but he makes it difficult to follow at times by a mass of distracting adjectives and loose construction.

If the loose construction continues in the remainder of the book, it counts little in the final balance. For, with the Yukon behind him, the author comes into his own. No one unfamiliar with the Aretic could write as he has done in the revealing chapters that deal with Herschel Island, Kent Peninsula, Baffin Island, and Hudson Bay, and with the Eskimos, good and bad, who live and hunt and trade in those far distant places. Mr. Godsell writes of no "friendly" Aretic. The cold winds and blizzards that sweep through his pages are made cruelly real by the gift that is in his pen; and the stench of Eskimo igloos is borne in upon the reader with something that approaches physical distress. His penetration of the mind and understanding of the more primitive Eskimo tribes is impressive.

Against the background of the North, Mr. Godsell has limned with unfaltering touch the figures and deeds of those of the Mounted Police whose names will live in Northern history. Many of these have contributed to this book. Mr. Godsell knew them all. From their lips, from memoranda they gave him, and as the fruits of his own travels and experience, he acquired a knowledge of police work in the North that few writers could hope to rival. More books about the Mounted in the Arctic will come in time; some will officially be more authentic; none, I think, will surpass *They Got Their Man* as an individual record of that strange era in Northern life, which, with the advent of the wireless, the diesel engine, and the aeroplane, is so rapidly passing.—*R. C. Fetherstonhaugh.*

YOUNG NORTHWEST, by Richard G. Montgomery; illustrated by Harold Price. Random House, New York, 1941.

MOST people's knowledge of the evolution of the Pacific Northwest could be put into less than a nutshell. Here is a book to correct that. Mr. Montgomery assumes that you don't know a thing about the Pacific Northwest, and in good primer fashion he compresses the important facts of all the ages into a little more than three hundred pages. Pre-history—rising out of the ocean bed; Indians of ten thousand years ago; sixteenth-century captains sailing chart-less seas; Bering, the Dane, finding Alaska for Peter the Great; gold-seeking Spaniards worn down by dogged British sailors garnering furs for China; overland journeys from Eastern America—in short, the last great discovery of America.

Then came the era of the fur trade, and, in Mr. Montgomery's American northwest, of the missionaries. The great-grandson of one of Jason Lee's followers and the biographer of Dr. John McLoughlin writes fairly and feelingly of these northwest founders and of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose money and goods eased the paths of the settlers throughout their early years.

The last half of the book is the story of the establishment of American government, a quick survey of the amazing growth of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. Mr. Montgomery minimizes less than might be expected the long years of Indian troubles which marked the transition from exploration and fur trading to ordered settlement. The rush for land, for gold, for railways, canals, and finally into gigantic engineering feats for the reclamation of waste land, have little or no parallel in our Canadian story. The "young northwest" of Mr. Montgomery travelled a long way from the ocean bed to such man-made marvels as the Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams.

Naturally this writer tends to stress American heroes. Let us add Queen Elizabeth's Drake, who reached 48 degrees North Latitude in 1578 and named the country New Albion. And Captain Cook, two centuries later, landing and trading in Nootka Sound and sailing to Icy Cape on Alaska's northwestern shore. And the mighty Captain Vancouver, the great delineator of the northern Pacific coast. And his assistant, Lieutenant Broughton, who sailed a hundred miles along the Columbia River to Captain Gray's thirty-six.

A couple of minor slips Mr. Montgomery made are the naming of Sir James Douglas as governor-general of British Columbia and of an English barmaid as the first white woman in the Pacific northwest. This last honour belongs to Frances Hornby Trevor, bride of the English Captain Barkley who brought her to Vancouver Island about 1787.—*Alice MacKay.*

LAKE OF GOLD, by John Buchan. Illustrated. Thomas Allen & Sons, Toronto, and Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1941.

I DON'T think that in your school they teach history very well," says Father Laflamme to young Donald. And forthwith he proceeds, with the somewhat unorthodox aid of a Montagnais medicine man, Negog, to rectify the situation in certain aspects. Negog, with the hypnotic aid of the sun glinting golden on the lake, conjures up for the boy a succession of visions from Canada's past—Cartier's gold of the Saguenay, Norsemen in the Lake Superior country, Simon Fraser discovering his river, and so on. But in doing so, we fear, he adds little to Donald's knowledge of history.

All the events related belong in the realm of what-might-have-been, and the reader who prefers fact to legend will be disappointed that a historian of Buchan's rank did not confine himself to incidents which actually happened. But each of the tales has a germ of fact in it, and Fraser's discovery of the river that bears his name is more or less faithful to history. (Students of the period, however, may object to that beefy native of New York State being described as a lean, sallow Scot who had spent his boyhood in the Highlands.)

Sprinkled throughout the book are poems, each of which, as in Kipling's volumes of short stories, sums up the idea of the preceding chapter. *Lake of Gold*, in fact, is faintly reminiscent of *Puck of Pook's Hill*.—*E.C.*

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited

This publication has satisfied itself that this advertisement has received the prior approval of the Government Liquor Control Commission as required by the Statutes.

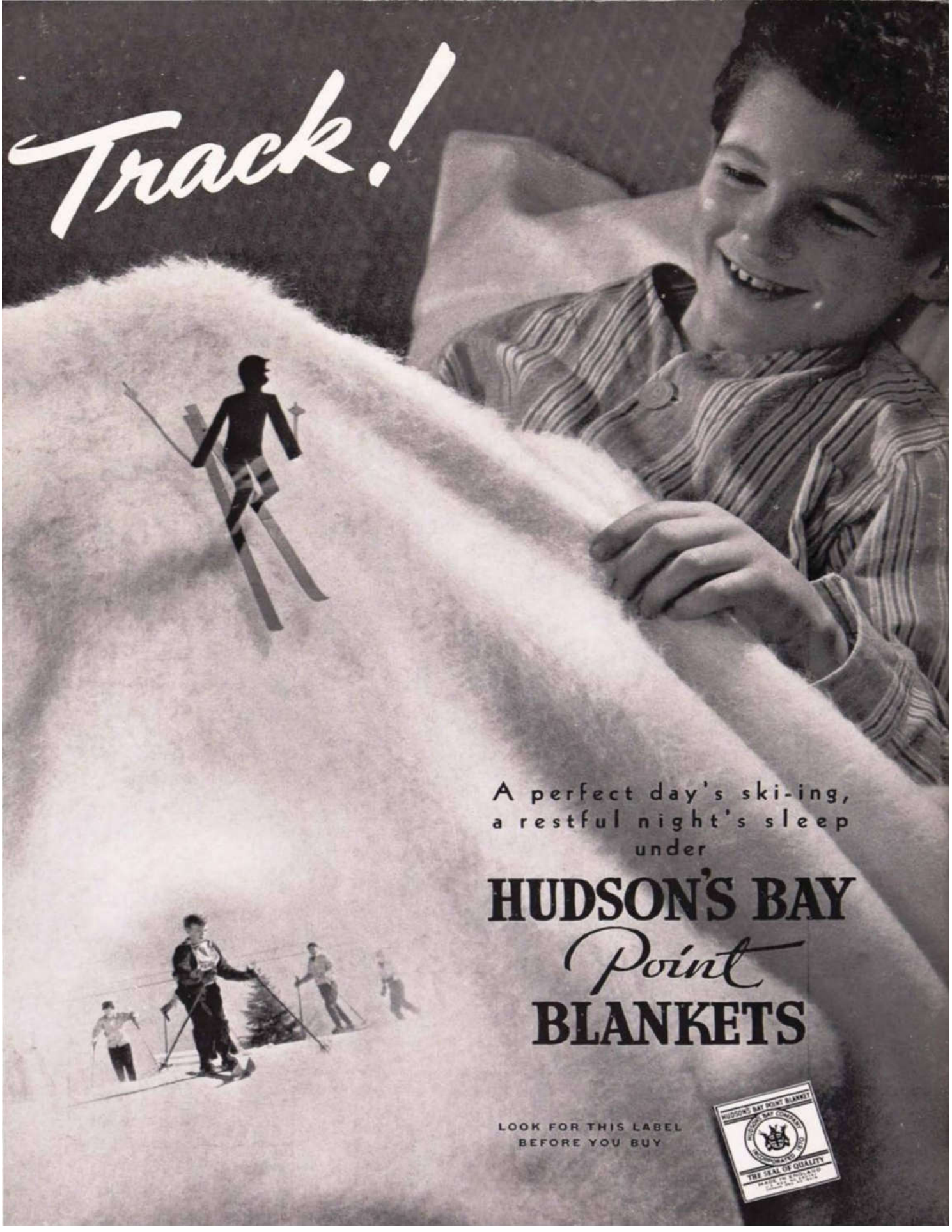
Your friends DESERVE *the best procurable*

. . . and they'll thoroughly enjoy the smooth mellowness . . . the characteristic flavour . . . of this famous old whisky. *Good Spirits since 1692* is a proud record and these years of experience are your guarantee that you serve the *best* when you serve

HUDSON'S BAY,

Best Procurable

SCOTCH WHISKY


Track!
A perfect day's ski-ing,
a restful night's sleep
under
HUDSON'S BAY
Point
BLANKETS
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
BEFORE YOU BUY
THE SEAL OF QUALITY